

The WAR CRY

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD

Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON. E.C.

WILLIAM BOOTH *Founder*
BRAMWELL BOOTH *General*

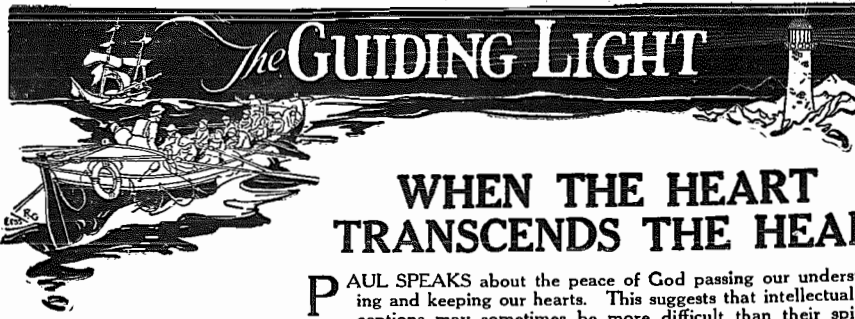
TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS:
JAMES AND ALBERT STS. TORONTO.

No. 2137. Price Five Cents TORONTO, September 26th, 1925 CHARLES SOWTON, Commissioner



"Where
is My
Wandering
Boy?"

See Page Three



WHY DO GOOD PEOPLE SUFFER?

WHY is not suffering limited to those who wilfully disobey God? Why does it come to some of the truest, most devoted children of God? A Christian man

recently asked this question concerning a dear friend of his, who was a minister of extraordinary consecration and ability, and who was afflicted with a serious physical disease that kept him continually in weakness and need. This minister heard of the question, and wrote his friend, in part, as follows: "I can easily answer, and tell you in substance what the reply would be if you asked any one acquainted with the facts. He would reply something like this: Oh, yes! That man was so puffed up with pride of health, and so filled with self-conceit as to his work, and had so many failures and sins even more hateful to God and dishonoring to His cause, that it requires a vast amount of pounding to flatten him into something like decent shape, and the process is by no means complete yet. But it will come out all right, and when he gets to Heaven he will enjoy it as would have been impossible without this long and trying discipline. Do not mistake. It is not punishment, but loving child-training. In some decrees it comes to all of God's children. . . . In all seriousness the above suggested answer fills the bill. I am so happy to understand and accept it with gratitude to the Heavenly Father."

HOW TO WIN

"Live the Bible" and thou shalt have good success

ONE BEAUTIFUL way to battle for the Bible is to live it. Two missionaries went to a Catholic country and distributed copies of the Scriptures. They met with little success. However, they pressed on even to a city where they had been told it would be sure death: to attempt to sell their Scriptures. They were met by prohibition from the local government; not one little Gospel might they sell without danger to their lives. They came often in touch with one of the great men of authority, who noted their bright faces, their quiet demeanor, their freedom from self-defence, their gentle words, their quiet answers to sneering questions. He thought he would like to read one of the books that such men sold, and bought the Gospel of Matthew and was soundly saved. Through his influence, in a couple of days, every copy of the Scriptures had with them was sold. They had battled for the Bible by living the Bible. They had been examples of "patient perseverance in well doing." Rom. 2:7. They had obeyed the command, "Love your enemies." It might have been said of them, as one heathen did say of one missionary, "He lives like the Man he tells us about." They fought a good fight. The battle was won. The town became transformed.

Let's all try to win that way!

WHEN THE HEART TRANSCENDS THE HEAD

PAUL SPEAKS about the peace of God passing our understanding and keeping our hearts. This suggests that intellectual conceptions may sometimes be more difficult than their spiritual identities. One may repent, though he could not give a good definition of repentance. He may believe, though he could but lamely tell what faith is. He may have the assurance of his acceptance with God, and yet not know the terminology of the theologians as to the witness of the Spirit. He may even come into the "fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ," and still not be perfectly clear in his pronouncement of the "shibboleth."

In fact, it would be difficult for one to be "theologically" saved.

Theology is to Christianity about what botany is to flowers, and you know one does not have to be a botanist in order to enjoy flowers.

Conversion, justification, adoption, regeneration—what do all these hard words mean? Of course the theologian can tell you in explanations that will need explaining, but if the sinner will repent and turn to Christ with all his heart, and believe on Him as his present, personal Saviour, he will receive the spiritual and real meaning of these terms in the change that will immediately take place in his heart and life.

Sanctification, Holiness, Christian Perfection, the Baptism with the Holy Ghost—each of these terms has a shade of meaning peculiar to itself, but their substance is obtained in the glorious heart experience that is received when the truly converted person dedicates his whole life to God and accepts by faith his full inheritance in Christ.

Thus intellectual terminology is simplified in heart experience, and bare theology is glorified in its spiritual identities. No artist has ever yet put the glory of the sunset on canvas, or depicted the grandeur of the mountain with paint; and no essayist has ever adequately described the peace that divine assurance brings or defined the power of Pentecost with words. "Heavenly places in Christ"; "The Deep Things of God"; "An eternal weight of glory"; "Abba, Father"; "Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost"; what do these words and phrases mean to the spiritually unenlightened? And what do they not mean to those who are living in their glow and flow? Not many things are absolute and unrelated. Things that are beautiful to the eye and soul of the artist and the poet may be crass to the materialist and the earthworm.

The promises of God are not confined to the wise and the prudent, but they are reserved for the hungry, the thirsty, and the appreciative. No great boon is provided for the mere spectacular, but "the willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land."

The Bible type of the successful seeker after God is the panting hart, the importunate, midnight borrower of loaves, and the expectant man at the gate Beautiful. The penitent woman from the street got nearer the Lord with her tears than the proud-hearted Pharisee did with all his ceremonies and traditions. Every soul that really and truly reaches out for God will be able to touch Him.

Paul gave a blow to cold intellectualism when he wrote, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness" (Rom. 10:10). That is, saving faith is not primarily a matter of the mind. "With the heart man believeth." Then trust to your emotion in preference to your reason, for Satan more often perverts the former than the latter.

The Family Circle

To assist in the promotion of Christian fellowship at the evening family circle, we suggest the use of the Bible portions and comments here given.

Any converted member of the family should audibly read the portions after the meal is finished and before the members disperse for the pursuits of the evening.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, ACTS 27: 13-26. "SUSPECTING THAT THEY HAD OBTAINED THEIR PURPOSE . . . THEY SAILED!"

So you may have set out in your fair morning, rudder in hand, eager to steer your own barque, with every prospect of a successful voyage across life's ocean. To-day, it may be, amid the storm, your soul drifts in the dark, unable to find anchorage, or is being driven by wild hurricanes of evil on towards the rocks of eternal destruction.

"On the wild and stormy ocean, Sinking 'neath the wave, Souls that perish, heed the message 'Christ has come to save!'"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th, ACTS 27: 27-36. "HE TOOK BREAD, AND GAVE THANKS TO GOD."

What wonderful influence can be exercised by one believing soul! Paul, though a prisoner, had become the leader, and these people would probably never forget his heart-felt giving of thanks. When it is not easy for us to thank God publicly for our daily food, let us be brave, and do it simply and earnestly, leaving results to Him.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, ACTS 27: 37-44. "SO . . . THEY ESCAPED ALL SAFE TO LAND."

God fulfilled His promise to Paul that he and all with him in the ship should be saved. The ship and cargo perished but the souls were saved. Remember that God values people more than anything else on earth. You do the same.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, ACTS 28: 1-6. "HE SHOOK OFF THE BEAST . . . AND FELT NO HARM."

Neither storm nor viper had power to hurt Paul. He seems to have led a charmed life until he "should arrive in Rome," as God had promised. (See also Mark 16: 18.) No evil thing, except it be within ourselves, can hinder or the fulfillment of God's plan for us, or of His promise to us.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1st, ACTS 28: 7-16. "HE THANKED GOD AND TOOK COURAGE."

Many of us can look back in our lives and see times when God gave us cheer from most unexpected quarters. These few "brethren" who trusted out to meet the Apostle little knew that their action would never be forgotten. Let us, like Paul, give thanks for every encouragement received no matter how it may come to us.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, ACTS 28: 17-24. "PERSUADING THEM CONCERNING JESUS . . . FROM MORNING TILL EVENING."

Though a prisoner chained fast to a Roman soldier, Paul had a free, happy spirit. All day long he talked to these Jews of Rome about the "King of Israel." Paul forgot the fight of time, and never grew weary, when "Christ and Him crucified" was the theme of conversation. Love for the Saviour will make it easy for you to talk of Him to others.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, ACTS 28: 25-31. "PAUL . . . RECEIVED ALL THAT CAME INTO HIM."

The Apostle came to Rome in the Spring of A.D. 61—that is, sixty-one years from the coming of Christ, from which we date our time. He lived twenty years in his own hired home before being set at liberty for a time. Wonderful interviews must have taken place in Paul's rooms. Rich and poor, high and low, all visited him and were helped. In A.D. 66 he was again imprisoned until his martyrdom, which is thought to have taken place in June A.D. 67.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6:19

THE SHIP that is securely anchored does not thereby escape rolling and pitching. It is subject to more heavings than ships that drift with the current. Souls that have no hold of Christ often seem outwardly to have a quieter time than souls that are anchored in His power and His love. How Paul was tossed! Yet no man ever had a stronger faith, a more assured hope, more blessed experiences, a more gloriously useful and influential life. Christian hope springs from faith, and grows with it. As faith becomes stronger, hope grows brighter.

THE OLD ARTILLERY COLONEL

An Interesting Experience with
a Lasting Lesson

By LIEUT.-COLONEL WESTER-
GAARD, Norway

HE HAD FOUGHT for England's name and honor—now he was old. He was discharged, and so he wished to see the world. The old artillery colonel visited Copenhagen, among other places. He knew The Salvation Army Commissioner, and I was asked to show him the city with all its wonders. The old gentleman was tall and well built, just as any one imagines an artillery colonel, and people turned around in the streets to look at The Salvation Army Officer who was in such fine company.

Presently we came to Frederick's Church, "The Marble Church" as it is commonly called by the people. It is placed in very strange surroundings. At one side there are narrow streets with their old-fashioned poor-looking foreigners, especially Poles. On the other side is one of the high-class streets, Broad Street, just at the corner of which is situated the King's Palace—Amalienborg. In front of the Church we read the words: "The word of the Lord endureth for ever."

The Church is one of the curiosities of Copenhagen, which explains why we found the door open. Many tourists wish to see it. I thought the colonel would like to know its history. But he thought, I suppose, that it was for quite another reason the door was left open in the middle of the day. He walked slowly, with his head somewhat bowed, up the middle aisle and, as he sat down on the first seat, he asked me kindly to sit down beside him. He then took from his pocket a New Testament and said:

"Now we are going to have a few minutes of devotion." Then, having read one of the most beautiful passages of Scripture, he knelt down—I did likewise—and we had a wonderful season of prayer. When we stood up I felt that we had been in the Sanctuary of God.

Was it strange that, when I received recently a letter from a comrade on the West Coast of Norway, I should at once picture the old, fine-looking British artillery officer? The writer said:

"I would like you to write something about the penitent-form. To me it is not only the spot where I left all my burden of sin, but it is also a sacred spot to me. At times, when I feel weakened, when my shortcomings are before me, when I feel the responsibilities and the duties both for myself and for others laid so heavily upon me, that I am pressed down to the ground—then I go to kneel in the Hall and God meets with me there. When I am out on the Lord's business, I often enter an Army Hall for a few minutes, and there, at the penitent-form I seek the presence of the Holy One. To me the penitent-form is a valued place."

Let us, therefore, keep the penitent-form in honor! Let it stand there with its inscription inviting seeking and burdened souls, and, if there is a dear brother or sister wishing to have a time of prayer and devotion, don't lock the door upon them.

I have seen many things happen at the penitent-form. Wonderful sights! Sinners—vile sinners—sinners of all kinds—have been granted forgiveness. The defeats and shortcomings in the hearts and lives of God's own people have been changed into glorious victory. God's witnesses, His own messengers, have at that place again and again dedicated their lives and their all for service in the holy warfare.

"Why have you come out here, dear mother?" I asked an old, white-haired woman, who one day came out to the penitent-form in the town of Bergen. "Oh," she replied, "I am so

AN OPEN LETTER

To Any Wandering Boy

THE OLD HOMESTEAD,

September, 1925

Boy o' Mine,—

It seems so long since last you wrote. Don't you know—can't you understand that your mother's heart is strained to the breaking with this suspense?

It cannot be that you have forgotten so soon. No, I will not believe it. You were always so gentle and thoughtful until that day you went away. I recall the scene as if 'twere but yesterday's happening. I shall never forget the last glimpse of you. It was when you reached the end of the grape arbor; you turned and cast one last fond look at your sobbing mother. There stood my only boy, silhouetted again the evening sunset. I never quite knew till then what a precious gift God had sent into my life when He sent you. Then you turned the bend in the lane, faced the rosy-tinted west, and soon were lost to sight.

It seemed my heart strings must snap. The pride, the cheer, the music of my life had gone. I was alone—yet not alone, for a Voice, sweeter than ever I had heard, whispered, "Lo, I am with you always." It was the Master, boy, Him to Whom we had spoken so oft in the hush of each evening hour. So I just told Him that here was a mother whose heart was all hurt with a terrible grief; wouldn't He please help some? And He did. I told Him of a mother's dear boy who was somewhere out there near the skyline; wouldn't He please grip the lad's hand and be his guide through the toils of the city? Like a dove came a sense of peace and assurance. I knew that God cared.

That was several years ago, lad. Things seem to have changed a bit at your end since then and it often sets me to worrying. Your letters have become less confidential and less frequent. To-night as I write, my soul is alive with a horrible fear that your old mother's place at the sacred altar of your heart has been usurped by others. Your words no longer breathe the sweet spirit of filial affection and tender solicitude that once they did. Has something or someone wooed you away from the God of your mother? Have you forgotten how you once knelt at mother's knee and with childlike simplicity lisped those words:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light?"

Do not the sacred memories of those daysever for one minute moisten your eyes and gladden your heart? Ah, I am sure that in lone hours when your mind is detached from brilliant surroundings and the gaieties of life, you must recall mother's knee, the first House of God where you learned the charm and the hallowedness of worship.

Jack, darling son, can you not hear your mother's appeal across the distance, calling upon you to remember? Remember it was I who shared my life with you when your members were yet unformed; remember it was I who stepped into the Valley of the Shadow that you might have the light of life. Remember it was in my arms you once found the garner of your food and the soft couch for your repose. Into my arms you nestled in the hour of pain, and my lap was the playground of your infant glee. Remember it was mother who taught your baby feet to walk; mother's hands plied the needle day and night to make garments for your little body. And, far above all else, remember the God of your father and mother still lives and loves, and it pains His heart when even one adopted son of His steps off the highway that leads only upward.

To-day everything has conspired to remind me of you. This morning I opened the cabinet drawer and for the thousandth time handled the

"Whips and tops and pieces of string,
And shoes that no little feet ever wear,
The bits of ribbon and broken things
And tresses of golden hair."

It sort of made me feel that you were near. Then I walked out 'neath the honeysuckle bower. The pure atmosphere was buoyant with vigorous promise and gently laden with the perfumes of slowly opening flowers. I thought of the happy hours we spent there together. You were beautiful in your boyish innocence then. Blossoms and birds were your fit companions. And, oh, big son, I wished you were back again! Back at the old familiar homestead; back to companion with trusted friends; back to help your ageing mother down the sunlit slope; aye, back to simple faith in the Man of Galilee.

Wandering boy, do give heed to mother's advice. Break with all that's evil, resist the tug of temptation, and give no place in your life to sordid, sinister things. Get a grip on the same Big Hand that's clasped your mother's all these years. Step into the Footprints which lead to victory—and someday, please God, I may embrace my precious lad in that City with its Gates Ajar. "For this God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide even unto death."

Bound by the shackles of love,
I am,

YOUR MOTHER.

(Continued on page 15)

TURNING HOUSES INTO HOMES

AN ENTERPRISE WHICH IS HELPING TO BUILD A BETTER WORLD

"The Home represents the nation, and only as far as the homes of its people are pure and good can the nation itself be pure and good and fitted to take its place in the world." **MRS. GENERAL BOOTH**

AMONG the many enterprises born in the fertile mind and mother-heart of Mrs. General Booth—whom Canada is now preparing to cordially welcome as this year's Congress Leader—is the great Movement which, with true statesmanship, she inaugurated in 1907, and which is known throughout The Army as The Home League.

To call the bringing into being of this branch of Army activity true statesmanship is not to over-reach the mark, for Mrs. Booth was using wide vision and rare wisdom in realizing that the key to a righteous humanity as a community is to be found in a righteous humanity in the individual homes of the people. The proper place for the application of the laws of hygiene, and the inculcation of the principles of thrift is the home. A happy home is the surest safeguard against all evil, and where a home is not happy, the devil enters and finds plenty to do.

It must have been this intense conviction which prompted the Home League President to action, and so 1907 saw the commencement of the Movement in England as a branch of The Army's national organization.

Explaining the League's objects, Mrs. Booth, in a statement made on this occasion, said:—

"In our world-wide work we have been impressed with the fact that many women are seriously handicapped at the outset of their married lives—not because of any lack of willingness or desire on their part to make their homes what they ought to be, but through lack of understanding. They are not qualified to assume responsibility for the proper care of their homes.

"The Home League has been established in order to assist such women with spiritual counsel and direction in domestic affairs, both among our own people and others who may be willing to join us."

The Army, it will be acknowledged, is in an unequalled position to undertake such a crusade; it has the confidence of the masses, common sense and Christian love; it has Officers of experience, and it has enthusiasm.

It will be realized from the statement of the League's aims, made by Mrs. Booth, that its purpose is a far-reaching one. Much of the unhappiness one finds in many homes today is the result of lack of real knowledge of homecraft. The weekly meetings of the Home League are intended to be occasions when such principles of domestic science can be

imparted. Here talks are given by experienced home-makers on all such subjects that contribute to real home building.

How often those whom the home should have sheltered have drifted away into sin because of the mother's lack of knowledge of how to turn a house into a home.

Put the aims of the League compass much more than even this; not only does it endeavor to serve those who may be somewhat inexperienced in domestic matters, but it also seeks to be of service to those who may be more advanced in matters pertaining to homecraft. Like with every other science, fresh discoveries in the realms of

domestic science are continually being made, and at the Home League weekly meetings, women of every stage of experience are able to keep themselves abreast of the times by being informed of new ways and means of beautifying the home and

whether married or not, are admitted.

From the start, the Home League made remarkable progress. In the first ten years of its life no fewer than 500 branches were established

in the British Territory alone with a membership of 20,000. Branches of the League are now established in most countries where the Flag flies.

The effectiveness of the work of the Home League has proved most gratifying; not only have homes been bettered and lives brightened, but hearts have been brought into touch with the Great Beautifier.

Numerous instances are on record of women who received their first heart impressions of spiritual things through the League meetings, with the result that not only they, themselves, but their husbands and children have been led to God. Many, indeed, who previously gave no thought to spiritual things have become earnest

Salvationists through this agency.

Take, for instance, the case of the A— family.

Mrs. A— was first invited, by various acquaintances who were members, to attend the weekly Home League afternoon meetings.

It was only after a deal of persuasion and much explanation of the good things to be obtained there—the thrift club, the approaching

outing, the helpful talks, and the rest of the benefits—that she at length consented to go.

But when Mrs. A— walked into the meeting that afternoon she walked into a web. The Home League spider pounced upon her and captured her. She felt its threads of friendship, helpfulness and sunny

brightness around her. Almost the next thing she knew was that she was in the Sunday evening Salvation meeting.

Here the impressions which the tactful talks of the Home League meetings had made upon her gathered vividness, and Mrs. A— began to feel strings to her soul. She continued to attend these meetings and brought along her daughter—a girl to her later years, while her son was sent to the Young People's meetings. That all belongs to one month.

The first Sunday of the next month saw her daughter at the mercy-seat; the second Sunday brought the mother herself, while two Sunday boys to give to heart to God.

The pages of the A— family history, although unsmeared with any blot of hideous, outward sin—were steady, going people—were surely have of any mention of the name of Him who loved them so. Mrs. A— resolved to change this. She must win her husband. After much entreaty, and to the delight of wife and children, Harry A— put on his cap one Sunday night and announced his intention of accompanying them to the Hall.

He went again! He liked the Army songs and its happy religion, and one Sunday night, six months so after his wife's conversion, he was found at the mercy-seat.

They had a married son, Bert, and the four Converts next went after him; so zealous were they that they even promised to buy him his first Army cap if he became saved. It was to the other side of the place that Salvation first came. Bert's wife being taken to the Home League by her mother-in-law and there finding the Saviour. This made a great impression on Bert, and he being invited to the Home League by his mother-in-law, he went. He, too, then began attending the ordinary Corps meetings and became the next convert.

And now there were six! But this is not all. Other relatives of the family found Salvation subsequently, and who can tell when the wheel will stop rolling? When last we heard of the A— family, and its circle of relatives, there were 17 Home League members among them, 27 Junior Soldiers, and 19 children on the Cradle Roll. What is more, the son who was among the first of the Converts, is today a young Officer.

And all this came about through (Continued on page 11)



Mrs. Commissioner Sowton



Mrs. Colonel Powley

THE HOME-MAKER

Nobody knows of the stitches it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody thinks of our little aches,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows what makes work sweet,
And the home so free from bother;
Nobody tries all our wants to meet,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody's face with smiles is so bright,
Ready to welcome father,
When weary and tired he comes at night,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the worries and cares
To keep bright in cloudy weather;
By sitting up late and mending tears,
Nobody—only mother.

No one so ready our faults to forgive,
And make us try to do better,
Or teach us how pure lives to live,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows how to soothe our pain,
Whether suffering in childhood or later;
And for loving sympathy—still the refrain,
There's nobody like our mother.

as applied to the smallest details of everyday life.

Membership of the Home League, it should be emphasized, is not restricted to Salvationists; all women,

the meeting that afternoon she walked into a web. The Home League spider pounced upon her and captured her. She felt its threads of friendship, helpfulness and sunny

RANDOM IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA WEST

By MAJOR SYDNEY A. CHURCH,

Editor, Canada West "War Cry"

MY BROTHER EDITOR, when I called in to see him shortly after arriving in Toronto, requested that I supply him with an article about Western Canada, hinting that my impressions of people and places, after a two years' residence in the country, would be of interest to Easterners.

Well, I have a big subject to write about, and on considering it I find my difficulty is to discover just where to begin. I could quote staggering statistics showing the immensity of the western half of our country, could dilate upon its great crops, its cattle, fruit, fur and timber re-

can well realise when traveling through such country that loneliness and isolation are the great foes the settlers have to fight.

What a transformation in the summertime, however, when those desolate white vastness turn to fields of green—far as the eye can reach a billowy sea of gold. Then the wild prairies are carpeted with vari-hued flowers and in little clumps of bushes are found saskatoons (a fruit like the blueberry) gooseberries, raspberries, and wild plums and cherries, while all manner of brightly plumaged birds, orioles, robins, woodpeckers and many other species—flit about on joyous wing. Western Canada is a great place to live in then. What a country it will be when the dream of the poet comes true! He sang:

"I heard the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low rush of waves
Where soon shall roll a human sea."

Previous to going West I was always under the impression that the trains ran habitually late. This was due perhaps to a yarn I once heard. It was as follows: The mid-day train rolled into Calgary exactly on time. Some traveling salesmen on board were so astounded that they suggested taking up a collection for the engineer as a mark of their appreciation. This was done and a nice little sum was handed to the engineer with an explanation as to what it was for. The engineer grinned, said nothing, but pocketed the money. As the train was pulling out he leaned from the cab and shouted to the salesmen who were waving him good-bye on the platform.

"Say, you fellows, don't you know this is yesterday's train?"

When I took my first journey to the coast, therefore, I was prepared for vexatious delays, but was agreeably surprised. The train rolled into every station exactly on the dot. The only delay occurred in Alberta when we ran into a herd of cattle that had strayed across the track, killing seven of the poor brutes. But the engineer made up this lost time going through the mountains and we reached Vancouver right on schedule time.

Now it is very rarely that trains are late throughout the West, even in the worst of winter weather. So good-bye to another myth.

The coast. What glorious memories it conjures up! What a fine, bustling city Vancouver is! What magnificent scenery surrounds it!

I feel like enlarging upon it all, but this article must then read like a railway folder. All they say about it is true, as regards climate and scenic splendor. They have a slogan out there, "Come to Vancouver where life is worth while."

It is for heaps of people, and they seem as happy and prosperous as one could wish. I saw many evidences, however, that in an earthly Paradise, "where every prospect pleases," the subtle deceitfulness of sin can make man vile. Major Cummins, the District Social Officer, took me out to the Penitentiary one day. I never saw such a collection



The Army's Hostel for Working Men, Winnipeg

sources; its fisheries and mines, its waterways and railways, its prairies and mountains, its cities and farms—but all that is a matter of common knowledge to most Canadians and would probably only weary the readers of this periodical.

Or I could confine myself to writing about The Army in the west, its personnel, its Corps, its Institutions, its varied activities for the good of the people—but much of what I could say would be a repetition of what has already been printed in these pages in the reviews of Western doings published in the Canada East "War Cry." We have signed a new Reciprocity Treaty in this connection so that East and West may be better informed as to each others' doings.

Coming back to the subject of this article, however, I have reached the conclusion that what would interest readers most would be some personal and intimate recollections of life in the West. So here goes.

I had always heard it said that though it was cold in Western Canada one did not feel it on account of the dryness of the atmosphere. That is as big a myth as the Sargasso Sea.

When Winter comes out West it is difficult for me to recognise my confreres of Headquarters Staff if I meet them on the street, so muffled to the eyes are they in fur caps, fur collars, mufflers and other cold-defying devices. Overcoats need to be lined with chamois leather if one would be safe from the chilly blasts, and overshoes are a positive necessity all through the winter.

One very bitter winter's night, it was 40 below zero—I paid a visit to Kildonan Home, which stands in a very bleak and exposed position just north of Winnipeg. I had been told what happened to Brigadier Whately, our Financial Secretary, when he made the same journey wearing only an Army cap. He got a beautiful pair of frozen ears. So I pulled my fur cap down and turned my collar up and started off on the journey from the street car to the Home—only a few hundred yards—with the feeling that forewarned is forearmed.

About half the journey had been accomplished when my companion, uttering an exclamation, suddenly grabbed some snow and commenced vigorously rubbing my nose with it.

"What's the matter?" I asked.
"Nose frozen," he replied. "This is the best thing to do."

I had not felt that frost getting into my nose, but I certainly felt it going out!

The treeless prairies of Saskatchewan in the winter-time look decidedly bleak and desolate. The country resembles an ocean of snow, the big drifts looking like giant combbers. Now and again a lonely settler's cabin reveals the monotony of the landscape. The only signs of life are the snow birds and an occasional jack-rabbit. One



Migration Lodge, Vancouver, British Columbia

of humanity as I saw there. Somehow they seemed different from men I had seen in other prisons. They looked so depressed, dejected and wretched that I almost visualized the Major as leading me, as Dante was led, through the abode of lost souls. It may have been the sombre prison, it may have been the gray morning, it may have been that I was unduly sensitive, but I never recall that experience without a shudder.

(To be continued next week)

the direct or indirect agency of the Home League.

Progressive Canada is by no means behind in utilizing the splendid service of this effective movement. Very encouraging progress has been made throughout the Territory. Inaugurated during the war years, branches have since been established in most of the important centres as well as many of the smaller places.

In Mrs. Commissioner Sowton, and Mrs. Colonel Powley, who was last year appointed as Territorial Home League Secretary, the movement has keen enthusiasts. The Territorial Secretary has had many years' experience in Home League administration in many large centres in various parts of the world, and is all-alive to its great possibilities. Seen by "The War Cry" representative, she paid a very warm tribute to the splendid service on behalf of the League performed by Mrs. Commissioner Sowton. "Mrs. Sowton has taken and still takes a very deep interest in the Home Leagues in the Territory," she said, "and has worked very hard in connection with them; she originated the monthly spiritual meetings, which are conducted by the wives of Staff Officers."

"We have many plans in hand," the Territorial Secretary continued, in speaking about the League, "which we are hoping will prove of help to the movement. A United Meeting is to be held at the Rosedale Lodge, when Mrs. Sowton and I will be meeting the Home League locals, upon whom such a lot depends. At this meeting a suggested three months' program, giving guiding lines for subjects for use at the weekly gatherings will be handed to the local Branch Secretaries. These subjects will cover such details of domestic science as homecraft, hygiene, food values, infant care, thrift, system, and kindred helpful subjects which have as their aim the beautifying and uplifting of the home. Already, of course, we send out once a month to the Secretaries informative papers to be read at the meetings."

"We are holding a United Home League meeting at the Temple during the same week, at which we are hoping for a large gathering of women of all classes, for, you know, membership of the League is not confined to Salvationists, or indeed to people of any particular social status; the doors are open to all."

The Territorial Secretary is now busy perfecting plans for the future; her mind just now is full of all sorts of ideas for furthering the interests of the League. She believes the Home League can be one of the most influential sections of Corps life, and it is her own experience of the potency of the movement which has begat the conviction.

At one of the Corps at which she was Home League Secretary she enlisted the aid of the Army Insurance Agents to inform her of any cases of women in need or sorrow which they met on their rounds. They would send a post-card to her, or otherwise quickly inform her, with the result that the Home League got hold of scores of women.

"The Home Leagues in the Territory have done well in the past," declared Mrs. Powley. "They have, among other things, very materially assisted the Corps finances by the sale of goods the women have made, although, of course, this is not the beginning and end of what is done by the Leagues. We are optimistic regarding the future; new branches are springing up and the membership is slowly but surely increasing."

The announcement that Mrs. Booth will be conducting a special meeting for women during the Corps' Campaign will be received with keen delight throughout the Territory, and will, it is confidently predicted, give a renewed impulse to this Army-building movement of which she is the world President as well as the Originator.

COMING HOME LEAGUE EVENTS

Mrs. Commissioner Sowton, supported by Mrs. Colonel Powley, will conduct special gatherings in connection with the Home League, as follows:

Rosedale Lodge (916 Yonge St., Toronto) Tuesday, September 22nd, at 8 p.m. (For Home League Locals only).

Temple, Toronto—Thursday, September 24th, at 8 p.m. For all women over eighteen.

UNDER ONE FLAG

JOTTINGS OF A MISSIONARY

Major Maggie Andrew Writes of Her Experiences While Enroute to India—Receives Cordial Welcome Back to Land of her Choice

AFTER A VERY GOOD VOYAGE of three weeks I arrived safely in Bombay on July 3rd, just twenty-two years from the date I went to my first Canadian appointment. It was intended that I should have had a couple of weeks before coming to take charge. However, Brigadier Jackson was very ill in the Bombay Hospital, so I had to be here on Monday, the 6th, as the Commissioner was waiting to instal me. The yearly Field Sessions were to have been held at this time, but they have been postponed to take place from August 4th to 14th, Colonel and Mrs. Gore, Brigadier Burfoot, Major Symmington and others coming for the first five days. The Colonel then goes back to Bombay and the Commissioner comes for the last five days. I am finding the damp season a little trying; it is such a change from Canada. I should never advise anyone to come before the end of the monsoon season. For me it is as bad, if not worse, than the hot season, although Dohad has a good climate.

I did so much enjoy having Mrs. Sowton's company in London, England. It made everything so much more pleasant for me. Commissioner Blowers, Staff-Captain Bremner, and a few others from Headquarters were down to bid me farewell at St. Pancras Station. It was a beautiful boat on which I traveled; the "Rampura," a P. and O. Liner, and only her second voyage. We were from Tuesday morning, 10 a.m., to Saturday, 4.30 a.m., in Marseilles, so I took opportunity to see the famous Notre Dame Cathedral. I met a couple of American lady journalists who were quite interested when they found I was enroute to India. They asked many questions and insisted on having my photo taken at the Cathedral. They said it was for use in a Chicago paper.

One of the ship's officers told a young man of twenty-four, a fourth engineer, that a Salvation Army Officer was on board. Later he introduced himself as a Bandsman from East Ham; he seems to be the only real Christian among the crew. His superior engineer told me how highly the men regarded him, and testified to the good example he sets for the others. He often, thereafter, came and chatted with me. I believe God used me to be of some help and blessing to him.

It was pretty hot in the Red Sea, and from Aden most people thought it rather rough. However, as I am a good sailor I did not mind it at all.

In Marseilles I met a young couple who hailed me with a "Hallelujah!" They pointed to a badge, which read "Armee du Salut," on the young man's coat. Neither of them understood much English, but they made me to quite surprised that they were Corps Cadets. A nurse, who was with me, was quite surprised. She said, "Well, The Army everywhere seems just like one big family. Even though you have never seen each other before, yet you seem so heartily glad to greet a foreign Comrade."

I am, as yet, without an assistant, but am expecting Ensign Lily Johanson to arrive on Thursday of this week. I could not possibly handle the Sessions and look after the European Officers without some help, so I am very glad she is coming. I had a cordial welcome, but do not know much about the place yet. Adjutant and Mrs. Cowan have charge of a district about twenty-one miles from the Headquarters, and they send best regards to Canadian Comrades. I am at present having food with Captain and Mrs. Pentney. The Captain hails from Canada East, so he also sends his regards. His wife is a Scotch girl and was once stationed with me at Nadadi. She was enrolled in Vancouver, B.C., by Major Simcoe and Major Raven.

I have in my Division a bright, young Danish Captain, who is in charge of a Corps up in Adjutant Cowan's District. About three miles from here there is also a woman Australian Officer, Captain Heatherstone. She has in her charge at present eight women Cadets. Last night I went out to visit them and had a very nice time.

A useful bullock cart is now being built for me at Bombay, and it will cost about 525 rupees. I have three bullocks here at Headquarters, so will be glad when the cart arrives.

Just now I am praying that God will help me to get hold of things



Ensign C. Lang, late of Canada, and out of Peterboro, has recently been promoted to Ensign's rank. He is now D.Y.P.S. for The Burma Division.

here and be a real help to the Bhil people.
God bless you!

Yours for the Salvation of the Bhils,

SENABAI,
Major.

BREVITIES

LIEUT.-COLONEL SOUTER, Territorial Commander for West Africa, visited recently the Lagos Prison and dedicated two of its women-prisoners who had been converted in one of the prison meetings conducted by Mr. Souter.

The son of a Chinese doctor has been enrolled as an Adherent in Police South Corps, China.

Brigadier Chard recently conducted a meeting in the T'ai Yui, Fu District, at which twelve converted prisoners had that day been liberated, and present.

An ex-policeman sat in the Prisoners Shelter meeting recently. He was convicted of six years for the theft of a pen-knife, but he found deliverance. He is now a traveler in the North-Western Work, and wears full uniform.

In connection with India's first celebration of Mother's Day, two girls, one Indian and the other Swedish, made a touching presentation to Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Treuen, of two roses, one for each of their own girls who were at school far away.

At the age of fifty-five, a man in Sydney, East Australia, had the joy of introducing his sons and grandsons to the Officer under whom he had been converted twenty years before, and whom he had not seen since the interim.

The Acting Governor of British Honduras, Mr. Douglas Jones, G.M.C., presided over the young people's prayer of Belize I. Corps. Lieut.-Colonel, the Hon. J. Cran, presided over the function.

During the first six weeks of the present year, more ex-prisoners were admitted to the Prison Gate Home in England than during the whole of the previous year.

The West Ohio and Kentucky Corps for Scouts and Guards of that Division (Eastern Territory, U.S.A.), has just been concluded. On a recent week night 3,800 people witnessed the East and Guard Demonstration. An entire series of meetings, 10,000 were present, besides young people, two hundred and thirteen converts were recorded.

The minister of the Lutheran Church located near the Chicago I. Hall, has given to The Army the use of a sports park belonging to the church for the purpose of conducting open-air meetings. This space provides a platform, well-lighted, as well as an abundance of seats.

At Hammerfest, Norway, the most northerly town in the world, fifty souls sought Salvation during a recent winter Campaign. Eleven soldiers were also enrolled and ten recruits accepted. At Kristiansand, in the Southern Division, fifty seekers were registered in one meeting.

During a Campaign at Hong Kong, Korea, conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Palmer, an old woman and a grandmother expressed a wish that she might be dedicated under The Army flag and that she also might receive a Christian name.

For the benefit of the Russian Division in the city, Salvation meetings have been held weekly in Helsingfors (Finland). The meetings were conducted by the Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Colonel Palmer.



IN NORTH URUGUAY

"Fire" is Burning Brightly—Arab Officer does Mighty Work

COMMISSIONER LARSSON, who has returned to Territorial Headquarters after a two-weeks campaign in North Uruguay, South America, declares that he found a work going on there which is setting the pace for the whole Territory. Salto, the principal Corps visited, retains its reputation for being an all-ative, "Blood-and-Fire" concern. A few years ago there was not a more difficult Corps in the country; the Officers had to fight almost single-handed against the hostile attitude of many of the people and the extreme poverty which prevailed.

A wonderful transformation has now taken place, and the wilderness is blossoming as the rose. To-day the spacious Hall is well filled at the Soldiers' Meeting; for public gatherings the building is not nearly large enough. The Commissioner was overjoyed to discover the Salvation fire burning so fiercely. Nine different Young People's Corps, all connected with the parent Corps, are now in operation in the town and suburbs. At this place forty-one seekers knelt at the penitent-form during the Commissioner's visit.

Other Corps included in the Territorial Commander's itinerary were Concordia, Monte Caseros, Paysandu, and Artigas. At the last-named place Captain Marina is fighting alone, but he is equal in devotion to two or three ordinary men. An Arab by nationality, and nearly forty years of age, with little educational ability, some had small hope for his success as an Officer, yet by sheer goodness he is doing a magnificent work. At this Corps there were thirty-two surrenders. A most successful Meeting was held at San Juan Bautista (St. John the Baptist), a flourishing Society under the command of a Local Officer—a great trophy of grace—who was converted in the Commissioner's first Meeting at this place.

A CONVERTED CLOWN

Leaves Stage and Becomes Boomer of "Prapor Spasy"

ASPLendid case of conversion is reported from the Prague II. Corps, Czechoslovakia, where, seven or eight weeks ago, a clown from the theatre was attracted by an Open-Air Meeting. Concerned about his soul, he spoke to the Officer and eventually entered into the joy of Salvation at the penitent-form. At once he severed his connection with the stage, and obtained a situation in a store. He is already in full uniform, is a diligent boomer of the "Prapor Spasy" ("War Cry") and is an active open-air worker. Staff-Captain Nicklin, who was at his Corps recently, says that tears of joy welled in the new Convert's eyes as he spoke of his

The Cadets of the Norwegian Training Garrison recently accompanied Lieut.-Colonel Westergaard to the State Prison for a meeting, which was attended by over two hundred men. A deaf mute was among the prisoners present and the Colonel's talk was interpreted for him by one of the Officers engaged in work among the deaf and dumb.

EXTRACTS FROM

The General's Journal

(ARRANGED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL H. L. TAYLOR)

"THAT ALL MAY KNOW HE DIED FOR ALL"—A "PEDLAR OF PESSIMISM"—
FIVE POUNDS PER STONE, WITH INTEREST—THE SETTING SUN WILL RISE.

Saturday, May 2nd, 1925.—Spent morning on all sorts of subjects—some serious. Feel very much the death of McAlonan (Commissioner). Together with clear views of duty, he had ability and consecration and loyalty. For many years I have ever found him at his post—harnessed to the chariot, pulling his full weight, and with his eye on the end of the race.

For a long time his earthly tabernacle has been a poor, shabby affair—always like to tumble down without notice—and now he has gone to a building of God eternal in the heavens!

Here in an Inn a stranger dwelt;
Here joy and grief by turn He felt;
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door,
Thy task is o'er,

The sojourner returns no more!
Now of a lasting home possess.
He goes to find a better rest.
The Lord brought here: He calls away,
Make no delay.

This home was for nassing dar!
Monday, 4th.—Three meetings at Hammer-

smith yesterday. Morning, in The Army Hall, full; good. Afternoon, King's Theatre. Lecture, "The Cry of the East." Night, in same building. Salvation meeting. Rather a heavy day. The chariot wheels, dragged! How mysterious it is! We had 70 at the penitential form at night, but not much of a striking character. I totted all day. Some old friends at the meetings, many of them very warm.

Cliffie did not come. Renée (Mrs. Wycliffe Booth) presented him with a fine baby girl at midnight Saturday. Our third grandchild. God be gracious to her!

Tuesday, 5th.—At 9 o'clock to Clapton for final Spiritual Day with Cadets this Session. Braced myself to grapple with some of their future difficulties, and the light shone on some problems. The good morning Session helped me especially. Left the afternoon to Cunningham (Lieut.-Commissioner), giving the time to interview, chiefly with Training Garrison Staff Officers; also the Thykjaers (Major and Mrs.). Danish Officers who have been in this country two years and are now eagerly going again to help the War in their own land; and Knott (Captain) an Officer going from Copenhagen to Winnipeg for Hospital Work.

Met Training Staff for tea and talk. Useful. The evening Covenant Service with the Cadets a very earnest and session. Cadets even more so than usual. Povlsen and Palmer (Lieut.-Commissioners) came in.

F. still away and resting.

Wednesday, 6th.—To I.H.Q. about 10 o'clock, and at one to Clapton with Chief for dear McAlonan's funeral. Great crowd in Congress Hall. Service rather sad. My words gathered round this thought, that death in Christ is the beginning of a new life for man, a life in more favorable conditions for loving and knowing God. Thus it is welcome—the curse is turned into a blessing, the sting is a sting no more.

Mrs. McAlonan spoke with force and great self-control. It was the Spirit of Christ in him, she said, which was all in all. "I often said, 'John, keep a clean sheet,' and he did." Carleton (Commissioner) spoke with much feeling, but he was rather long.

Chief took the service at the grave, and I returned to my table in life or death, in joy or sorrow, for time and for eternity, we are God's!

Thursday, 7th.—Restful night. To Clapton at 12.15, taking with me dear old friend and Comrade, Brigadier Asdell ("Zazzie")—Retired—to meet, with Chief, Retired Officers, numbering 230, to lunch. Talked to them an hour and twenty minutes! Very hearty and happy meeting. My heart warmed as I referred to the battles of many of those before me bearing honored names—the Ridsdels, Carleton, Stitt, Playle, Charlesworth, Lawrence, the Harrisons, the Hodgsons, the Simpsons, the Asbys, and others. Their prayers and faith and example and life are a precious possession.

sion.

At 4 o'clock with Chief to I.H.Q. Albert Hall at 7 for Y.P. Demonstration; building packed. Spoke briefly; no Amplifier. A powerful and beautiful series of displays, with music and song and spiritual direction. The delight and enthusiasm of the immense audience very manifest. Best thing of this kind ever done by us. Congratulated Bernard (Brigadier Booth, National Young People's Secretary) with all my heart. He was chiefly responsible. It must do us good. To my own heart it spoke of the loving toil of many unseen Comrades as well as seen, and above all of the possibilities of the future of our Work for the young of all classes and nations. Chief, Hurren,

ment! This is what they call free trade!

Left at 4.15. Interview with Mrs. (Lieut.-Commissioner) Peyron, and left again at 5.15 to spend a week-end with F.

Saturday, 9th.—My Dear One certainly rested. Looks better and brighter. I worked some, and walked. A quiet day.

Monday, 11th.—Mr. Massey, for thirteen years Prime Minister of New Zealand, died yesterday. He has been falling for some months. An able, striking, and high-principled man. To look at, fair and cheerful, with a splendid head, reminding me in that feature of Cecil Rhodes.

An Ulster man of downright, frank, open character. A Conservative, and yet with most charitable and liberal tendencies. Loved Ireland, but New Zealand more! A farmer, and looked it—but a reader, and thoughtful. A man, I believe, of sincere Christian faith and life.

I was greatly impressed by his understanding of The Army and his kindly feeling to those of the Old Country who need help. His father was an emigrant, and the son had the insight to look at things from that point of view. He presided for me during my visit to New Zealand last year. My last view of him was on the platform of the railway station at Palmerston North. He came forward out of the great crowd to which I had just been speaking, while the train waited and to whom I was introduced by the Mayor, and waving his hat called for and led "three cheers for General Booth." He was very warm. Now he has gone to the silence and nothingness of the grave. So the day passes and the night, and the morrow comes—and our place knows us not!

Tuesday, 12th.—A glorious day. Walked a little with F., and to I.H.Q.

Wednesday, 13th.—This day, last year, left Auckland, New Zealand, for Vancouver, B.C., by the "Niagara." What a crowded year, and at what a lightning speed it has passed!

First of Two Days with God at the Central Hall, Westminster. A good day, with some deep talking and some gracious and fruitful waiting on God. Audiences larger than ever.

Thursday, 14th.—Second of the "Two Days" very good and bright and deep. Not quite full this morning, but crowded afternoon and many crowded out to-night. Oh, for a Hall suitable in capacity and situation for such holy days as these, and for which there is an ever increasing opportunity! Hurren and F. very good to-night, the latter full of fire and joy.

Some meticulous souls condemning us because we plan meetings such as these beforehand! Surely we ought to arrange to do in proper order what the Bible plainly commands! But further may we not be as truly moved by the Holy Spirit to plan our services at the time we plan them as to conduct them at the time we

conduct them? I think so.

One or two remarkable cases among those at the mercy-seat to-day. Evil things coming out into the light after long entrenchment and with strong cries and entreaties. I could but exclaim, "Glory be to God!" What a Son of Wonder is the Son of God!

(To be continued)

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.

The best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men.

MY HEART FOR THEE

By BRIGADIER FRED COX*



Oh, make my heart Thy manger, Lord;
Commence Thy life in me,
While over-head our
Flag's bright star
Proclaims that I
have Thee.

Oh, make my heart Thy Bethlehem,
That men may find Thee here,
And with exulting joy shall say,
"Christ doth in him appear."

Oh, make my heart Thy Nazareth—
Thy workshop would I be;
And may "the shadow of Thy Cross"
For ever rest on me.

Oh, make my heart Thy temple, Lord;
Speak forth Thy truth in me,
That men may hear the Word of Life,
And, listening, hear Thee.

Oh, make my heart Thy deep, pure
well,
Where thirsty souls may drink;
That when they come to me they find
Thee sitting on the brink.

Oh, make my heart Thy gate of
Nain—
The meeting place where men
Long dead in sin may hear Thy Word
And, hearing, live again.

Oh, make my heart Thy green hill-
side,
Where hungry men may feed—
Where souls may quench their burn-
ing thirst
And satisfy each need.

Oh, make my heart Thy pillowed bed
While sailing o'er life's sea,
Then can no storm or tempest harm
My barque, while holding Thee.

Oh, make my heart Thy dwelling
place,
Like Bethany of old,

*Brigadier Cox was for many years A.D.C. to the Founder, and carried the Flag to Calvary on the occasion of the Founder's visit.

and other Commissioners deeply stirred. Praise God! Sorry F. was not with us.

Friday, 8th.—Fair night, though rather short. At 9 to I.H.Q. Interviews—many. Maltby (Captain), U.S. Training. A life-long Salvationist. Been here for instruction in Educational Work at the Training Garrison. I like him.

Maxwell (Colonel) and told him I intend him to be appointed Joint Managing Director of Army Assurance Society with Carleton, who takes up his work again pro tem. Cliffie, on Wenbley. The management will not allow us to charge for admission to our Pavilion! This is a great disappointment, and I am afraid will involve a considerable financial loss.

And may the story sweet and true
Be there for ever told.

Oh, make my heart Thy mountain
high;
Transfigured would I be,
To shine and blaze before a world
Which sees me not, but Thee.

Oh, make my heart Thy upper room;
Grant me Thy presence sweet;
May songs of praise and prayer ascend
While sitting at Thy feet.

Oh, make my heart Gethsemane—
By me "Thy will be done";
The cup my Father gave I'll drink,
Like God's Beloved Son.

Oh, make my heart Thy judgment
hall,
Careless of what men say;
Though it mean scourge and cruel
thorn
I'll follow all the way.

Oh, make my heart Thy pavement,
Lord;
Stand there for evermore,
And as men see Thy lovely face
May they Thy Name adore.

Oh, make my heart Thy Calvary;
Thy precious blood apply;
With Thee, my Lord, I'll live Thy
life;
With Thee, my Lord, I'll die.

Oh, make my heart Thy new-made
tomb,
That resurrection power
May stir within my soul—Thy life
Be lived by me each hour.

Oh, make my heart Thy
Olivet;
From it a ascension
make,
And bear me
with Thee
to Thy
Home,
I pray, "For
Jesus'
sake."



The WAR CRY
OFFICIAL ORGAN
The Salvation Army
IN CANADA EAST
NEWFOUNDLAND
AND BERMUDEA
General
BRAMWELL BOOTH
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
LONDON, ENGLAND
Territorial Commander
Commissioner CHARLES SOWTON
James and Albert Street, Toronto

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50, prepaid.

All Editorial Communications should be addressed to the Editor.

A PRAYER

"KEEP US TENDER"

MAKE us most sensitive to the touch of Thy Spirit, to the call of the things that are highest, to the great and crying needs of the world in which we live. And thus we know that we will become most like Thee. Amen.

ON WEDNESDAY

AT

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

Veterans Retire — Important
Appointments Announced

INTERESTING as are all the Quarterly Staff meetings conducted by the Commissioner at Territorial Headquarters, that held on Wednesday evening was unusually so. It featured the official retirement from active service of our highly esteemed and faithful Comrades, Colonel and Mrs. Otway, and it was also made the occasion for the announcement of a number of important new appointments.

Impressive indeed were the tributes paid by the Commissioner and other speakers to the retiring warriors who were equally impressive in their responses, each extolling the wide opportunity for service provided for them by God in and through The Salvation Army.

A full report of the subsequent public farewell meeting will appear in our next issue.

The appointments announced, which will become effective after the Congress, were as follows:

COLONEL MOREHEN to be Men's Social Secretary.

COLONEL ADBY to be Territorial Young People's Secretary and Candidates' Secretary.

LIEUT.-COLONEL HARGRAVE to take charge of the Subscribers' and Special Efforts' Departments.

The following were appointed to the Divisional Commandership of the Divisions stated:

LIEUT.-COLONEL MOORE to the Hamilton Division.

BRIGADIER BLOSS to the East Toronto Division.

STAFF-CAPTAIN OWEN to the Sydney Division.

STAFF-CAPTAIN BEST to the Ottawa Division.

Other appointments include the following:

STAFF-CAPTAIN SPARKS to be Divisional Young People's Secretary, London Division.

ADJUTANT SPOONER to be Assistant Territorial Young People's Secretary.

We pray that the blessing of God may rest upon the Officers concerned, and that the Departments of work which they are called upon to administer will prosper.

OUR TERRITORIAL LEADERS

Conduct Inspiring Sunday Campaign at Port Colborne

THE visit of Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton to Port Colborne for a Sunday's Campaign was keenly anticipated by the local Comrades and friends, who, having regard to the fact that Port Colborne has many big brother Corps claiming the presence of our Leaders, looked upon the fact that a whole Sunday was devoted to them as a special privilege. That this was one of the smaller Corps did not cause the Commission-



Captain Gladys Rogers and Lieut. Jean McMillan

er, or Mrs. Sowton, to spare themselves, or deduct anything from the vigor of their onslaughts on evil or from their efforts to bless and encourage God's own people.

The Holiness meeting proved of especial benefit. The congregational singing, the practical talk from Mrs. Commissioner Sowton, a solo rendered by Colonel Adbdy, and the Commissioner's address all harmonized in the season of blessing which was spent.

Inclement weather prevented a number of friends from getting to the afternoon Missionary Lecture, but an attentive gathering listened with very great interest and profit to the Commissioner's description of the work of The Army in various parts of the world. At the conclusion many Army friends spoke in warm terms concerning the value of the information imparted.

The final meeting brought an increased attendance, and following an impressive talk by Colonel Adbdy, and Mrs. Sowton's tender appeal, the Commissioner delivered a striking Salvation message. The prayer meeting was splendidly sustained, and ere the Doxology was sung, two seekers knelt at the mercy-seat.

It is confidently felt that the visit of our Leaders to this town of Welland Canal fame, has done much for The Army's great cause, and certain indeed is it that the Comrades who are bravely fighting here have been greatly stimulated.

Throughout Sunday valuable support was rendered by Colonel Adbdy, Lieut.-Colonel Hargrave, and a sextette of Bandsmen from St. Catharines.—H.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

PRESIDES OVER GRADUATION CEREMONY AT OTTAWA

AN IMPORTANT event transpired at the Ottawa Citadel on Tuesday, September 8th, when nine nurses of the Ottawa Hospital were awarded diplomas for successful graduation. The service, which was of a bright, interesting character, and attended by an exceptionally fine audience, was presided over by the Chief Secretary, who was accompanied by Mrs. Colonel Powley.

The graduation class, which is the third of its kind in the history of this commodious and well-staffed Hospital, was comprised of Ensigns Lily Moore and Maggie Challicome, Captain Dorothy Smith; Misses Florence O'Brien, Annie Mason, Eleanor Bell, Winnifred Gilmer, Edith Foster and Annie McLaren. Ensign Maggie Challicome was the recipient of a gold medal, presented by Dr. G. A. Campbell, for having received highest honors in the care of infants.

The Colonel expressed his thanks and appreciation to the members of the medical staff and the matron, Adjutant Aldridge, for the excellent service rendered in the training of the nurses, and touched upon the underlying principles of The Army's work in its Hospitals. The great idea which is taught and observed, the Colonel pointed out, is that of personal service. Patients who come under The Army's care not only receive skilful attention and kindly consideration, but they also receive something of far greater value—the spiritual touch. This they carry away with them and many bless the day that they ever entered our

Institutions and were drawn nearer to God.

Dr. G. O. Barclay, during an interesting address, offered his congratulations to the graduation nurses, stating that he hoped they would never forget their teaching and training in sympathy and courtesy, as well as in duty.

Dr. J. E. Craig, medical superintendent of the Hospital, read the year's report and congratulated the nurses on their splendid record. For the year ending, May 1925, 966 patients were admitted, number of births, 733, of which 386 were males and 347 females; the total number of patients under treatment during the year being 1,742. Dr. Craig further complimented in the Hospital, by stating that during the year five medical assistants and a superintendent of nurses had been appointed and a public ward had been opened where each patient is permitted his or her physician.

The Florence Nightingale Pledge was repeated by the graduates, the presentation of diplomas and pins being made by Mrs. Colonel Powley and Lieut.-Colonel DesBrisay. The latter, who also addressed the large audience, read a number of congratulatory telegrams. Some enlightening statements were made by the Colonel, in the course of a brief resume of the Women's Social Work, in which it was learned that we now have nine Hospitals in this Territory, with total accommodation for 675 patients, including 441 adults and 229 infants. The

average birth rate in the Hospital during the year was 2,400. The number of patients treated in the nine Hospitals number, to date, 6,888.

Included in the evening's program were some delightful selections by Ottawa I. Band and also an enjoyable solo by Dr. G. Penneck.

Preceding the foregoing event, Colonel Powley met, in an instructive and helpful Session, the Field and Social Officers of the Division. Mrs. Powley met the Home League members in the afternoon and conducted a blessed and soul-refreshing season.

MONTREAL, OCT. 2ND.

ON FRIDAY, October 2nd, at Montreal 1, the Chief Secretary will conduct the installation of Major Macdonald as Divisional Commander for the Montreal Division.

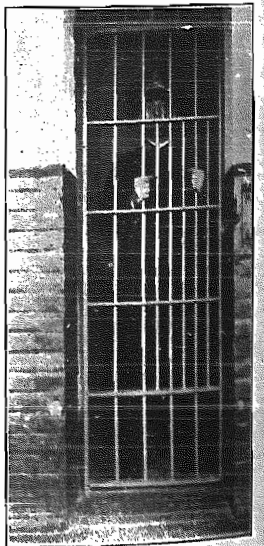
ARMY MUSIC AT THE 'EX'

MUSIC is an indispensable item in the "EX" program, and it was good, therefore—and only proper—that Army music should be represented. To Earls Court Band fell this privilege, and worthily did they uphold The Army's musical prestige.

For two hours they held a large crowd around the bandstand near the main entrance, the program including such big numbers as "Memories of the Masters" selection, the meditation "Man of Sorrows," the selections "A Soldier's Experience," "Precious Thoughts," and "America Melodies," as well as the two marches "The Golden Gate" and "Flag of Freedom." Interspersed between these items was an excellently-rendered cornet solo by Bandmaster (Ensign) T. Robertson, and some vocal solos.

The playing of the Band reached a very gratifying standard, and merited the praise of the audience. There were some very impressive moments at the opening of the program when Commandant Smith prayed that God would use the playing to the spiritual blessing of the people, and when the Band rose and played "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," the audience spontaneously rising, the men baring their heads.

EARLS COURT BAND will render a Festival of music, at Earls Court, on the evening of Monday, October 5th. The program will contain special features.



COLONEL SCOTT stands behind the bars of a prison cell in connection with a brief spell when in command of Lindsay Corps.

TERRITORIAL TERSITIES

CONGRESS NOTES

Mrs. Commissioner SOWTON

Opens Sale of Work at Toronto

Receiving Home

THE club room of the Toronto Receiving Home presented an unusually bright aspect on the afternoon of Saturday, September 12th. Nautically decorated with flags and pennants, three corners of the room being occupied with fancy work booths, one hardly realized he was in a familiar longitude and latitude. The occasion was the second annual Sale of Work and Pie Social of the Institution.

Owing to a dreary drizzle all afternoon the attendance at the opening exercises was a bit sparse, but none the less happy. Mrs. Colonel Powley conducted the preliminaries, after which she presented Mrs. Sowton to the gathering. It was a pleasure for Mrs. Sowton to be present and lend her support to such a worthy work. She read a brief report which told of much good work being accomplished by the Matron, Mrs. Brigadier Potter, and her staff. During the past year 259 persons were cared for, 109 of them being remanded prisoners, 1,024 days of employment were secured for needy cases, and about 75 permanent positions.

One very interesting incident came to light that afternoon when Mrs. Sowton related how Mrs. Potter had been summoned to the door one night at half past eleven. There she was met by a negro woman with a baby in arms, and squatting on the top porch steps, was a battery of five little negro children. Would The Salvation Army please take them in for the night? Yes, of course. When was The Army known to turn a mother and five children out on the streets? Thus was this dusky-skinned family relieved of a fearsome experience.

At night, a program, consisting of instrumental and vocal items, commenced what proved to be a very enjoyable evening. Staff-Captain Beer chairmanned the proceedings. A chatty hour "over the teacups" and around the ice cream tables followed, and many folks also made purchases from the pie table where the baking skill of many mothers was on display.

SCOUT AND GUARD LEADERS' RALLY

QUEEN CITY Life-Saving Scout and Guard Leaders met at the Temple Council Chamber on Friday, September 11th, for the unfolding of plans for the Winter Campaign. Colonel Miller presided over the gathering and spoke in warm terms regarding the movement. Colonel Morehead, Lieut.-Colonel Moore, Staff-Captain Cameron, Adjutant Porter and Ensign Ellery also addressed the gathering.

Mention was made of Toronto's contribution to the Training Garrison which includes three Guard and two Scout Leaders.

COLONEL & MRS. MILLER at St. Catharines

THE GARDEN CITY was visited on September 12-13th by the Field Secretary and Mrs. Miller. Rain prevented a large crowd from attending the Saturday night meeting, but those who did gather were greatly helped by the Colonel's talk on "Temptation."

Mrs. Colonel Miller's address on Sunday morning on "Power for service" was a very timely one. Two seekers came forward. To an audience, which consisted chiefly of the "young blood" of the Corps, the Colonel in the afternoon talked on Paul's advice to Timothy.

Five seekers rewarded the efforts of the Salvation meeting, which followed a hallowed and convicting producing period.

A FULL REPORT of Colonel Otway's final farewell meeting will appear in our next issue.

Lieutenant Zarfas, of Bermuda, has met with an unfortunate accident, in which his right leg and face have been badly lacerated. Our Comrade, who was returning from visiting, was knocked from his bicycle by a runaway horse, and for a time rendered unconscious. Pray for him.

The corner stone of the Amherst Park Citadel, Montreal, was laid by Brother George Poulter, for many years a loyal friend and liberal supporter of The Army.

The late Sir Adam Beck bequeathed to The Salvation Army \$1,000.

A wonderful trophy of grace, in the person of Sergeant-Major Krohne, of Elizabeth, N.J., U.S.A., visited Territorial Headquarters during the Exhibition period and recounted to a "War Cry" representative a wonderful story, which will appear in a future issue.

Major and Mrs. Larson, and their daughter, Ebba, who are en route to Winnipeg from Sweden, where they have furloughed, called at Territorial Headquarters on Tuesday last. They report that The Army outlook in Sweden is exceedingly bright.

Major Thompson visited Windsor last week in connection with property matters and was successful in obtaining a first residence to be used as a Men's Social Officers' Quarters.

Bandmaster Adams, of St. Catharines, is suffering as the result of being bitten by a dog. Bandmaster Adams was much cheered by the visit of Colonel Miller, who was specializing at the Corps last week-end.

Ensign Eva Smith and Lieutenant Katherine Turner are appointed to Trenton, Ont. Ensign Julia Douglas has now recovered from her illness, and, with Ensign Elvira Davis, will take command of South St. Marie I.

Major Tyndall, having completed an audit of various institutions and departments in Montreal, is departing for Halifax, Sydney and Saint John on similar business bent.

Ensign Sampson, of Winnipeg, and Captain Marion Neill, of Vancouver, are appointed to Grace Hospital, Windsor, to complete a three-year course in general nursing.

Captain Agnes Willerton, of Bloor Street Hospital, has been accepted for India, and in company with Captain Mary Smith, of whom mention was made in the S.S. "Minnedosa" on September 23rd. Lieutenant Pearl March is booked to sail from Vancouver on October 1st, via "Empress of Canada."

Captain Myrtle Knight has been appointed to the Grace Maternity Hospital at St. John's Newfoundland. Captains Adby and Barr, late of Windsor Hospital, have been appointed to the Grace Maternity Hospital, Halifax; and Captain McLaren, of Toronto Rescue Home, has been appointed to the London Children's Home.

An anxious and tearful mother—a colour woman—recently and a visit to our Enquiry Department in quest of her son who had been missing for two years. The only information she could volunteer was that "he might be in the Philippine Islands." A letter to the Chief Magistrate of the island elicited the response that the young man had been located living with a good family and that he had a splendid position. Mother and son are now in communication.

A new "Optimus" press is being installed in the Printing Department to cope with the increased demand of our printing work.

Congress visitors will be glad to learn that a "College" night is being arranged by the Dovercourt Band for Thursday, Oct. 22nd. The program will consist of compositions by Adjutant Bramwell Giles, who will also preside.

This intensity of expectation is inspired in the first place by the announcement that Mrs. General Booth is to be this year's Congress Leader. It was in 1912 that Mrs. Booth last visited Canada to conduct a Congress, that series of Meetings still being fresh in the memories of many. So, together with recollections of past triumphs and a hopeful looking forward to even better things, the Congress Leader is due to arrive in the Queen City on a crest of enthusiasm.



COMMISSIONER DAVID LAMB, and

MRS. Commissioner Lamb, J.P.,

are programmed to visit the following Corps on the dates indicated:

Danforth—Sun., Sept. 27th, 11 a.m.
Earls Court—Sun., Sept. 27th, 3 p.m.
Lagar St.—Sun., Sept. 27th, 7 p.m.
St. John, N.B.—Sat. Sun., Oct. 3-4th.
Moncton, N.B.—Wed., Oct. 7th.
Halifax, N.S.—Fri., Oct. 9th.
London, Ont.—Thurs., Oct. 15th.

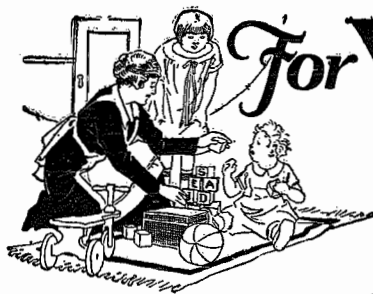
What will probably be the elite gathering of the Congress will be that in Massey Hall on Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. Mrs. Booth will deliver a lecture entitled, "The Salvation Army and problems of to-day." The speaker has been accredited by Government Departments and Royal Commissions as expert on many matters pertaining to social reform. By means of evidence before such commissions, by lectures before intellectual and representative bodies, and by articles in the press, she has evinced knowledge of some of the most difficult social problems which we have to face. Mrs. Booth is a Justice of Peace for the London District and one of the visiting Justices for Prisons for the County of London. Her appearance once again on a Canadian platform will attract widespread attention and a capacity audience.

The one spectacular event of the Congress will be held in Massey Hall on Monday night, October 19th, at 7.30 p.m. It will take the form of a Musical Festival and Young People's Demonstration. The seats will all be reserved, tickets being procurable for 25 and 50 cents.

Four Bands will participate, each rendering separate selections or marches. The Sunbeams, Scouts and Guards, and Corps Cadets will take a prominent part. Staff-Captain Beer is taking a particular interest in the musical side of the program.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Attwell has under her tuition a number of Lippincott Juniors. We're not revealing just what they are going to do—but Mrs. Attwell's items have never fallen flat—and won't!

Drills, stunting, pyramid building, etc., will give the Life-Savers opportunity to demonstrate their "wares."



TEACH THRIFT

Start with the Child's First Pocket Money

THE teaching of thrift is not only parental duty, but it is a civic obligation which the family owes to the community. To be sure, it takes more time and patience to divide up the savings account into respective accounts for each member of the family, but any moral training takes effort. Why not give five-year-old son his 10 or 20 cents a week and then take him down to the bank and show him where to put half of it or a fourth for safe keeping? If he spends the remainder for candy on the way home, let him learn the consequences of such procedure by going without luxuries of that sort the rest of the week.

Good habits are so much easier taught when the child is still in the home or at least in his very early school years, because he has fewer distractions and temptations, and his mind is most impressionable. If we can succeed in getting the child to follow a safe and sane schedule while directly under home influence, there is a pretty good chance of his keeping to it.

The mother who hands out to her children pennies and nickels without restriction during their babyhood, will find them demanding dollars in later years with no appreciation whatever and with no idea of their value except as they translate it into terms of ice cream soda and frills.

Thrift involves more than the mere putting of money into the bank from a stated allowance. It is moral training and self-denial, promptness, reasoning, and a right attitude towards the family finances and home comforts.

Children learn to save intelligently make better men and women; they are usually successful in business and are self-reliant and contented.

HELPFUL HINTS

TRY renovating your old black felt hat by sponging it with ammonia and boiling water in equal quantities. When dry, brush well with a stiff brush.

Where grease is spilled on a kitchen table or floor, pour cold water on it at once. The cold will harden it. It may then be taken up with a knife and not allowed to soak in.

There is no better cure for that tired feeling than a glass of very hot milk sipped slowly.

Be sure and cover gelatine when soaking to keep out germs or dust. Germs develop very quickly in gelatine.

Keep a pair of scissors in the kitchen for removing the hard part of oysters or clams, trimming the edges of cold ham or tongue, also for cutting parsley or mint for sauce.

Use a marble to slip in the finger of your glove when mending.



scorches the paper it would also scorch the fabric.

To Iron Cotton Nightgowns, Chemises or Combinations

Take the back of the garment, and fold it singly away from the front, iron it a little on both sides, then fold back again with the fronts outside, and iron each until perfectly smooth. Any trimmings or bands there may be should be ironed first, and in the case of nightgowns the sleeves first, commencing with the cuffs. As each garment is finished, it should be hung on a clothes horse to air.

Woolen Combinations and Flannels

These do not require folding, but as soon as they come in dry, they should be smoothed a little and hung on the horse to air at once. If they are thrown down and allowed to wait they become creased, and these creases will not come out readily with the iron, perhaps not at all. Flannels to my mind should not be ironed, except just the collars, bands or trimmings.

Sheets and Towels

These are generally mangled first, then finished off with the iron. Pillow cases the same, or they may be ironed entirely, but mangling is considered to keep them a better color than if they were ironed entirely.

To Iron Skirts of Dresses

These require a skirt board if they are to be done with any comfort. This is a board which any carpenter can make, about twenty inches wide at one end, and tapering to eight at the other, the length about forty-four inches. It is prepared exactly the same as the ironing table, that is, with a thick fannel covered with a piece of sheeting securely nailed on

For WOMEN

Who are Interested in Home and Children

IRONING DAY HINTS

THE MODEL HOUSEWIFE WILL WELCOME THESE EXCELLENT IDEAS

EXPERIENCED ironers can generally tell the proper heat of an iron by holding it up to the face, but a better test is to run the iron over a piece of paper, and if it

the under side. To use it place the skirt to be ironed over and lodge each end of the board on two chair backs or something convenient, with an old sheet laid on the floor underneath, in case the skirt should drop. The small end should be to the left, where naturally the top of the skirt should be, and as the ironer goes along she turns the skirt round on the board, till she comes to the place from which she started when the skirt is finished. Should there be any frills or other trimmings, they must be ironed first on the table. Linen or cotton skirts are best ironed on the wrong side, while calico should be ironed on the right. Of course skirts require damping and folding as well as other things, and the thicker they are the damper they should be.

Starched Collars and Cuffs

If these are starched in cold water starch, as is best, they need not be left in their rollings for more than two hours, and, indeed, less time would answer for ladies' collars, which are somewhat thinner than gentlemen's. Lay them out flat on the ironing table, and iron first with a thin piece of rag over; this prevents the starch from sticking. Then iron uncovered on both sides till dry and smooth, and, if required very glossy, finish off with a polishing iron.

LEMON PIE

ONE lemon, one egg, one cup of sugar, pastry. Grate the lemon, then take off the skin and cut the pulp in sections as you do grapefruit. Add the juice to rind and pulp. Mix the whole egg, sugar and lemon; do not beat. I always add a little salt.

Put the filling into the crust (I use one cup flour and one-half cup butter), and decorate with strips of paste. Bake. It is unusually rich. The first time I made it I could not believe it could be nice without butter, but it was. Also, when I needed to make it larger, say with two lemons, it was not good.

BABY'S BILL OF FARE

The following diet for the three daily meals for children of two, five and eight to ten years of age was recommended at the recent meeting of a Women's Institute:

Suggested Bill of Fare for a Child of Two

Breakfast—Juice of half an orange; whole-grain cereal mush; milk, two-thirds of a cup, or more if wanted; toast; butter.

Dinner—Coddled eggs, baked potatoes; spinach; bread, butter; pulp of cooked prunes; cookie.

Supper—Milk, one and one-third cups, or more if wanted; whole wheat bread; butter.

Suggested Bill of Fare for Child of Five

Breakfast—Baked apple; whole grain cereal mush; milk, half pint, or more if wanted; bread; butter.

Dinner—Boiled potato; creamed codfish; string beans; bread; cup custard; cookie.

Supper—Milk, half pint, or more if wanted, whole wheat bread; date marmalade.

Suggested Bill of Fare for a Child from Eight to Ten

Breakfast—Berries; whole grain cereal mush; milk, two-thirds pint, or more if wanted; bread; butter; sugar; one level tablespoon.

Dinner—Boef stew with potatoes and carrots or tomato; bread; butter; tapoca cream; ginger snaps.

Supper—Cream of lettuce soup; graham bread toasted; butter; honey or syrup; milk if wanted.

HOUSE CLEANING

Cleaning up of the lowest House

ROSE BARTON was sitting at a little oak desk in her room. Through the open window came the warm Spring breeze and the smell of cherry blossoms, but Rose was busy.

"Rose, Rose, where are you?" came a voice from downstairs.

"I'm up here, Jane," she called. "Come on up."

"What are you doing this morning?" Jane asked, as she came up the stairs to her room.

"House-cleaning," Rose answered, leading the way into her room.

"House-cleaning! You told me last night that you were through. What else have you found to scrub, Rose?"

There was a wrinkle in Rose's eyes, but she said seriously:

"I'm giving the inside of my head a thorough scrubbing over. I'm darning and sorting and putting things back in their places, only some of the things aren't worth putting back."

The jubilee into which my head has been turned is terrible."

Jane wrinkled up her nose.

BABY'S WEIGHT

How much does the baby weigh? All in all? Ah, who can say! Not his dainty flesh and bone. Not his sweet, pink clay skin. Not his limbs so soft and fair. These are trifles, light as air. These are but things apart. When we weigh him in the heart.

Who can know the hopes and fears of the mother's smiles and tears?

Who can weigh the prayers expressed for the loved one at her breast!

Who can tell the father's joy? Wrapped within that baby's lo! How much does the baby weigh?

All in all? Ah, who can say!

Rose, you are funny! Would you mind telling me some of the things you are plucking out of your head, and throwing into the rubbish pile?"

"Certainly I'll tell you. There is the box of grudge I've been harboring against Inez since last Summer—she didn't ask me to her home party."

"There's a tear bottle of selfishness—keeping house for father when I might be something wonderful. Haven't any idea what."

"There's a paper sack of exaggerations all ready to tag on to the next story I tell. Those are a few samples. Jane. My, but there are a lot of things in that rubbish pile of mine!"

"Some poet says, 'Each day is a new beginning.' I like that idea. Well, I think a thorough house-cleaning at least once a year helped a lot. There has to be a load on my mind, at least it doesn't have to be a load of rubbish. I don't half through cleaning that cupboard in my head, but I'm feeling like a new girl."

Jane rose.

"I shall go home and clean house, too. Then to-morrow two or three girls will go on a picnic up the mountain."

TWO USEFUL CHAIRS

KEEP both a high and a low chair in the kitchen. Use the high chair at the kitchen table, with a footstool to rest the feet on, when preparing vegetables, etc. The low chair, which may be made by sawing off the legs of a common kitchen chair, is useful to sit on while baking for cake or biscuit to bake. The oven may be seen without stooping over. The few moments' rest gained from time to time during the day is sitting, when it is possible, to do the work will mean less weariness when the day's work is done.



WHAT THE BUSY WORLD IS DOING

ON THE TOP OF CANADA

SIX MEN AND THEIR TERRIFIC STRUGGLE

THE HIGHEST peak in Canada, Mount Logan, (19,539 feet), has been conquered by six members of the Canadian Alpine Club after a terrific struggle with ice and snow and hurricanes of wind.

Mount Logan is in the extreme west of Canada, in the Yukon Territory, close to the Alaskan border. Naturally, so far North, the line of perpetual snow is low, and the party actually travelled on ice for 44 days.

Picture the scene at King Col Camp, from which the final dash was made, "in the midst of monstrous ice-cliffs and blocks of fantastic shapes, with over-hanging masses challenging the approach." The only way up proved to be under a vast arch of ice, below which was a crack with a direct drop of a thousand feet!

At Windy Camp, 16,800 feet up, the temperature was 32 degrees below zero, and only one day's rations remained; so that five men had to go back to King Col for more. The summit was still some miles away and was only visible now and then. At 15,500 feet two men were compelled to give up, the other six managed to keep on to the end, though every one was frost-bitten.

The final climb was up an ice slope, often of 40 or 50 degrees, heart-

breaking-work indeed. Yet at eight o'clock the thing was done. In a rainbow crowning Logan was the shadow of each of the six men (Captain MacCarthy, Colonel Foster, Carpe, Lambert, Read and Taylor) as they stood at the top, gazing at the amazing spectacle of seas of cloud.

They stayed for an hour. Then the oncoming of another storm, increasing cold, and failing light, drove them down.

Storm followed storm on the return journey, "as though Logan still desired to punish its conquerors." To frost-bite was added hunger, for two successive stores of food left for the downward trek were found to have been raided by bears! But the cache at Trail End, the beginning of their mountain trail, was intact, and by July 7th they were at Hubricks, the nearest outpost of civilisation.

Their further adventures included a wild rush down the rapids of Chitina River on a makeshift raft. When at last they got to McCarthy, seventy miles below the rapids, they found a search party just setting out!

FROM ALL CORNERS

EVERY year the British Museum fills a new mile of shelves with newly published volumes.

Among some old books in a London second hand book store was found last week a book of Tennyson's poems, written before the poet had become known. Bought by the proprietor for two shillings the volume will probably fetch anything up to 100 pounds.

A scientist, at a gathering last week, was prophesying a 100-knot flying machine, capable of carrying nearly 100 passengers from London to America in thirty-six hours.

A report of a discovery of gold in the District of Patricia has started a rush of fortune hunters from Cobalt to that distant field. The discovery is said to be at Red Lake, one hundred and eighty miles north-west of Sioux Lookout, on the Canadian National Railway. The journey from the railway to the scene of the discovery takes from five to seven days in a canoe.

A New York astrologist predicts a Republic in Britain in three years. He doesn't know Britain!

A Solarium is being built on the east coast of Vancouver Island, where crippled children will be admitted to Sunlight House, where the treatment will consist of gradual exposure to the rays of the sun. This solarium will be run on the lines of similar institutions in England, where wondrous healings have been wrought through the wonderful potency of sunshine.

A writer in the English press attributes the cause of the increase in street accidents, among other things, to road hogs who speed, while from Rhode Island comes the news that the police have agreed that on main highways motorists must drive thirty-five an hour or got off!

Until water was available during a fire last week at a farm in Moore Township, the enterprising firemen tapped the evening's milking supply to quench the flames.

A giant plane, capable of carrying thirty passengers and equipped with a restaurant, is now in action between London and Paris. There is a steward to supply hot meals to the passengers. Another machine is under construction for the London-Constantinople service which will possess sleeping berths and dressing rooms.

A HEALING BALM FOR CHINA'S WOUNDS

THE GREATEST need of China to-day, in The Army's view, is the Salvation of Jesus Christ, and the most effective way of winning people to a knowledge of this truth is by proclaiming it in spoken message in the open places and meeting houses and by getting the people themselves to read the Word of God. The Army has done much in this way in non-Christian lands; and that our Organization is working on the right lines is attested by the fact that a Canadian missionary who has just returned to this country after having closely studied internal conditions in China, is so impressed by the value of the work of distributing the Word of God, or portions of it among the people that he proposes to distribute a million copies of the New Testament free to those who promise to read it. Such work has the sympathetic interest of all who desire to see this great Eastern Empire set upon its feet and taking her rightful place among the nations of the world.

The years of Britain's greatest glory have been coincident with her great work in spreading the Word of God.

In his classic "Short History of the English people" John Richard Green wrote these words:

The Bible was as yet the one Book which was familiar to every Englishman, and where ever its words fell on ears which custom had kindled to their force and beauty, kindled a startling enthusiasm. The whole moral effect which is produced nowadays by the religious newspaper, the tract, the essay, the missionary report, the sermon, was then produced by the Bible alone, and its effect in this way, however dispassionately we examine it, was simply amazing.

What Britain has gained through the Bible China can. The plan of spreading Salvation to China through the spoken message and the distribution of the Word holds more hope of success in healing stricken China than any of the projects yet put forward by diplomacy.

Those Old Words

A distinguished lawyer is making a plea for the use of good old English words.

"Try to speak distinct English," he says, "and, for goodness sake, don't mumble. It is said that in these days certain good old words have almost ceased to exist. People do not say 'begin'; they say 'commence.' They do not say 'choose'; they say 'select.' Genesis opens with the words, 'In the beginning'; would it be improved by saying 'In the commencement'?"

GOLDEN RIVERS of GRAIN

THIS YEAR'S grain yields in Canada, according to a preliminary estimate issued from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics this week, is expected to prove the most valuable in the Dominion's history.

The preliminary estimates of the total yield for the three Prairie Provinces is estimated at 363 million bushels of wheat, an increase of 127 million bushels, (nearly fifty per cent); 322 million bushels of oats, an increase of 190 million bushels; 93 million bushels of barley as compared with 70 million last year, and 13 million bushels of rye, over two million bushels increase.

Myriads of men gathered from all parts of the widely-flung Dominion, are laboring in the far-stretching fields from the first light of dawn till darkness puts a stop to their toil gathering the precious golden bundles of grain which the binders are ceaselessly harvesting.

Thus starts the mighty river of wheat—the life stream of Canada—which goes to all parts of the world to feed the hungry multitudes.

LITTLE KNOWN BITS OF CANADIAN HISTORY

No. 3.—THE STORY OF CANADA'S ARCHIVES

THE HOME of Canada's Archives is on Sussex Street in Ottawa. The handsome grey stone building bears a bronze plate on the front entrance, stating that the present organization dates from 1904, but that in 1781 a Frenchman made an appeal to the French king asking that the historical documents and relics bearing upon the past of New France be collected, stored and cared for. This was not done, but since 1904 the Archives staff have gathered together some sixteen thousand pictures, ten thousand maps and documents and considerably more than one thousand historical relics that illuminate the past of our country.

A branch office is maintained in London, England, and one in Paris, France. It is a slow process, this historical treasure hunting, but when it is remembered that a large proportion of the wealthy French population returned to France in 1763 after the Seven Years' War, and took all

movable belongings with them, the task is seen to be rather one of tracing down their descendants and finding out if they have anything of value.

We accept blandly many of the outstanding facts of our history books, but these facts that have withstood the test of time are backed up solidly by the Dominion Archives. For instance they have the original charter and the signatures of the Company of One Hundred Associates that started up to compete against the Hudson's Bay Company.

These musty sheets were brought into the Paris office and bought for a trifling sum. They are cleansed and bound now, and are looked upon as one of the greatest treasures in the building.



Canadian Archives Building, Sussex St., Ottawa

(Continued on page 15)

A GOOD OLD AGE

A RECENT death in Guelph, Ont., of a member of the well-known Goodfellow family is a reminder of the good old age attained by some individuals, or sometimes by members of certain families. Three sisters and one brother belonging to this family reached the combined age, of 359 years, or an average of practically ninety years. They have all died within a year of one another, the three sisters living at Smith's Falls, Ontario. Their ages at their death were, respectively, 94, 92, 91 and 82.

Startling stories of longevity come from various parts of the world, but many of these must be reckoned as fabulous. Of this nature is that of Niemens de Cugno, a native of Bengal, though he is vouched for by Lopez Casteguada, historiographer for Portugal, as having attained 370 years. It is asserted on the basis of a broad investigation that distinguished men live longer than ordinary men, and men of action longer than those of the contemplative type. For 108 picked men of action—soldiers, statesmen, etc.—the average was found to be 73 years. For 125 contemplative men, artists, musicians, authors, etc., the average fell to 64 years. A larger proportion of those who have been found in charitable homes or almshouses, having outlived their nearest relatives and being forced into such retreats.

CHATHAM BAND WAKES UP FOREST

WHITE with the dust of a long journey came an orange-colored bus to a standstill on Saturday evening outside the Forest Army Hall, says a local observer. Immediately the air was filled with the clamoring voices of twenty happy-faced Bandsmen from Chatham. The townsfolk quickly gathered to greet the visitors, for anticipation had long aroused their enthusiasm to hear the Band which had been so widely announced.

A hearty meal, some warm words of welcome from the Corps Officer, Captain Oliver, and then the Band was off up the main street to the open-air stand, where special lighting arrangements had been made for the event. Here a large crowd listened to the Salvation strains which whetted appetites for the morrow.

On Sunday morning two open-airs were held, followed by a march to the town hall, where the Holiness meeting took place, and a good time spent, as was manifest by those present. Sunday afternoon the Band and Corps, accompanied by four cars and a truck, swung out on the road to Arkona, where a crowd of cars and people had gathered to enjoy a short, but none the less splendid, program, in which Rev. Mr. Moore, Baptist Minister of Arkona, spoke a few words of welcome and appreciation of the Chatham Band. Prayer brought the proceedings to a close, and a quick run back to the Exhibition Park in Forest was made. Here, His Worship Mayor R. Cope, welcomed the Band, expressing the pleasure it gave to all to listen to such music. This was recognized, he said, as only a small part of the Salvation Army's work, of which little is seen in such small places as Forest. Nevertheless, in the larger centres it was a great Organization, throbbing with the high ideal of not only helping up the fallen of society, but saving the intrusion of deadly teachings.

Bandmaster Dinkley replied by saying what a pleasure it was to be able to do something, if so much as one soul could be benefited or blessed by their visit to Forest. He sincerely hoped that the visit of the Band would leave behind an impression on the minds of everyone that there were opportunities for all to be of service in this world, but especially for those who live consecrated lives. Sunday night, after a tune, played on Main street, a march was made to the Franklin House, where the proprietor kindly loaned his chairs. Again cars were parked and people gathered by the hundreds, and the beautiful scene lent a solemn touch to the proceedings. The singing of "Ask the Saviour to help you," was greatly enjoyed by all. Music was interspersed with a few words by the Captain and different Comrades.

CHEERFUL SONGS

A WORKING man was white-washing a ceiling and singing, "I feel like singing all the time." The gentleman of the house, of a melancholy temperament, asked him to sing something solemn and slow. So he did. The gentleman noticed how much slower the man worked, and requested that he go back to the first song. Song should help us to forget our grief and pain, instead of reminding us of them; and it is the province of sacred song to act as an anodyne for sorrow.

This PAGE

~For Members of our Musical Fraternity~

A YOUNG BAND WITH A VETERAN SPIRIT

WALKERVILLE BAND (Windsor II.) is a living testimony to pluck and perseverance. Two years ago, when Bandmaster Smith took charge, they boasted five men—a mere quintet, but to-day they parade twenty-three men with a set

little combination often motors out in the six cars owned by the men to small outlying villages, anywhere up to twenty miles away, to hold Open-air and indoor bombardments. On these occasions Meetings are held in every conceivable kind of building



THE IMPORTANCE OF THE CONTRALTOS

ONE of the difficulties with which Songster Leaders are often faced is that of getting contraltos to take that part? Is it because of a lurking suspicion that there may be some hidden relation between singing alto and "playing second fiddle"?

The contralto singer may not be able to shine by singing the melody, which, of course, always stands out more prominently than any other part. In so far, there may be a little self-denial involved.

But the singing of the melody is also the easy part, and anybody will a voice and any kind of an ear for music can do that. It takes far better musicianship to sing a secondary part, and incidentally, it offers better opportunity for real musical training.

The contralto singer accepts a role that not every soprano has the ability to fill, and the more honor is therefore her due.

Apart from this, the contralto should realize that her part is every whit as important as any other. Who could build a four-storey house without a second floor? Just so, a composer, when he is arranging his composition in the form of a four-part song, regards the second voice with as much importance as any other; it has its part in his scheme which he can allot to no other voice. To omit the alto part from the finished work would be like trying to knock the second floor from the four-storey erection. It can't be done!

So let our contralto singers realize the importance of the part they sing; it will help them to give their white hearts to their work, and to endeavor, to deliver their part as perfectly as their ability enables them.

And even apart from all these considerations, what charm there is in the melodious tones of the contralto voice! Have you heard that part, "He was despised" from "The Messiah," sung by a good contralto? It may have not, take an opportunity of hearing it. You will never again despise the contralto voice!



Walkerville (Windsor II.) Band, with the Corps Officers and Bandmaster Smith. Some of the Bandsmen were absent when this photograph was taken.

of plated instruments—and in full uniform, too, let it be noted!

For this fine achievement particularly in regard to the instruments, the Bandmaster pays tribute to Assistant Mabb and Captain Evans, who have had charge of the Corps for the greater part of these progressive two years, and who have helped and en-

—they have been known to use a motor garage. Great interest is always shown by the villagers when The Army Band appears and they are greeted right royally.

At one place the Chief of Police refused to allow the Open-air to commence, so the Salvationists went direct to the Mayor, who at once over-

The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; he bringeth low, and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory.—1 Samuel 2:7 and 8.

couraged him in his efforts to build the Band.

But this must not detract praise from the hard-working Bandmaster himself, who has devoted practically every minute of his spare time to the Band's interests. Bandmaster Smith is a man who puts first things first. Not only has his Band to be smartly uniformed and look well in the public eye, but it has to be a band of out-and-out Salvationists. This accounts for the fine spiritual tone found among the Bandsmen, as well as for the splendid service put in by the men at the Corps. Whenever there is a call for the Band they are there to a man, and from all accounts there is some heavy work accomplished in the course of the week's duties.

Apart from the park engagements, which the Band fulfils, and when large crowds are attracted, the real live,

ruled the objection, and the Meeting was held to the chagrin of the officials official as well as to the delight of the crowd.

The Bandmaster is well supported by his Band Locals. Of Deputy Bandmaster Horne he speaks in highest praise. Though still in his teens, he is one of the veterans! Right through the struggling days, when things musically were at a low ebb and he was the only cornet, he has stood bravely by the Flag. He is a young man who knows his job and does it.

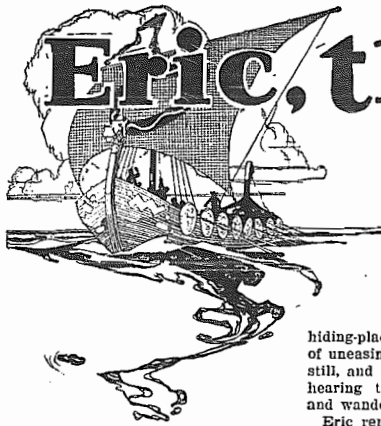
Band Sergeant Shepherd looks well after the Band's spiritual side, while Secretary Jolliffe renders valuable assistance with the finances.

A number of the Bandsmen are from the Old Country, the Corps represented including Wood Green, Edmonton, Leeds, Rotherham, as well as others in the north country. All success to the Bandmaster and his men!

WANTED

A DRUM

A touching appeal comes from Whitby, Ont., for a drum. Says Lieutenant Pilfrey, "Will you help us to locate a drum? We have no drum at present, and what is The Army without a drum? There may be a Corps which has one to spare and would probably donate it to us, or sell it cheaply." Now, you affluent fellows of the big Bands, hook out that old drum of yours, have it done up, and pack it off to the little Corps—and see you don't charge for it!



Eric, the Viking Boy

By Penrush,

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued

OVER in one corner and hidden under a lot of old canvas Eric found a small chisel. It seemed to have been placed there purposely, and Eric, to this day, thinks that one of the deck hands—an old-time friend—put it there hoping that it would prove of help to him in making his escape.

Whether this is so or not, Eric certainly made good use of it. Waiting until eight bells sounded the noon hour and call to dinner, Eric listened for the sailors' returning footsteps and then went to work with all his might on the lock. It gave finally, and the lad stealthily walked out of his quarters and out on the alley-way along the main deck.

The way to escape seemed to be clear, and the lad hurried along toward the gangplank. But when about half way to the goal, the steward stepped out of a doorway with his arms piled high with dishes that were being taken to the captain's quarters. The way was blocked, and Eric appeared to be trapped again, but he decided to take a chance. Increasing his walk to a run, he ducked his head down low and dived into the steward's stomach.

Down went the plates with a crash, and down went the steward. Noise of the splintering chinaware and the steward's cry for help brought the captain and mate on deck, and when they saw the steward in a heap, and the lad, whom they thought safely imprisoned, running along the deck, they took in the situation at a glance and started in pursuit.

The mate was at the head of the pursuers, cursing as he ran, and muttering dire threats of what he intended to do if he ever "got hold of the young whippersnapper again."

What he said added wings to Eric's feet and he got away to an easy lead as he crossed the gangplank and set out along the docks. Straight down the wharfs he raced, around the warehouses and in and out of the little stores. For a while Eric made good headway, but he tired at last, and it seemed as if the boy must be caught, especially as the sailors divided up into separate parties and made the chase little more than an individual hunt.

But Eric was not to be taken. When tired out, and aching in every limb, he chanced to come upon an old steam boiler behind a factory. The fire-box door was open, and Eric, realizing that he could not hope to hold out very much longer, quickly squeezed into the opening and pulled the door shut behind him. He was

just in time, for his pursuers ran into the yard then and looked around for him.

Eric Eludes Pursuers
Several minutes they spent in searching the yard coming, every now and then, close to Eric's hiding-place and causing him no end of uneasiness. But he remained quite still, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing the sailors leave the yard and wander around to other quarters.

Eric remained where he was, however, for several hours longer or until darkness had settled over the city. Then, feeling safe at last, he crept out of his hiding-place and stealthily walked away and out of the city to a hill that overlooked the harbor.

little that he was without any money or even the prospect of a job. He was free from the mate's malignant influence, free from all the bitter alliances with the past, and facing, as all young men do, the prospect of a very happy future.

That night Eric slept in one of the dock shanties, but arose early the following morning and went down to the wharfs. A large German ship was anchored close in, and the lad stood and watched it for several minutes. She was low astern, but her long sweep of deck rose steadily to the bow, which was high above the water and seemed to be constantly tugging at the ropes that held her to the docks. Eric admired her graceful lines and powerful build, and wished that he might get a job as

aff to the fore-castle. None of the officers was met on the way, and the lad felt safe as he followed his way found friend into the sailors' quarters, a small, square room that was filled with men who were smoking, eating and talking all at one and the same time. There was a pause, however, as the lad entered, and his friend quickly introduced him to his mates.

The sailors greeted Eric warmly, but spoke to him excitedly in their native tongue. The boy could see that they were trying to tell him something important, and turned to his friend.

"What on earth are they saying?" he asked. "I can see there's something in the wind, but can only guess as to what it is."

The other laughed.

"Why, lad, they're just emphasizing what I've been trying to tell you right along about the mate. They're afraid he'll catch you here and might do you bodily injury."

"Tell them not to worry," Eric answered, with all the sureness of youth. "I'll get my food down and be out of here in a jiffy."

The other sailors smiled at the lad's message was interpreted to them. Hardened men of the sea, used to all the trials and difficulties of a sailor's life, they were pleased to see that grit and determination, which was a part of their own lives, in that of the lad. And they hoped, one and all, that he would be able to land a berth with them.

The wish, however, was not to be realized. Just as Eric was finishing the last bit of porridge the door to the fore-castle opened and a big, square faced, sturdily built man stepped inside. For a moment the mate seemed to have overlooked the boy and spoke, in deep, guttural tones, to one or two of the other men around the table. But his eyes finally rested on Eric and his fist shot out. The lad, used by now to some of the evils of sailing, ducked the blow and scrambled out of the door under the mate's legs and took to his heels up the ladder.

The mate was unused to swishing the air with his fists. When he unleashed a blow it usually reached its mark and caused some little discomfort and hurt to the culprit. To miss the lad altogether put the mate off balance and so surprised him that he watched Eric scamper to freedom before he started in pursuit.

But off he ran, at last, bellowing as he went. Eric, as he scampered up on deck, could hear his pursuer's breath behind him, and put on all possible speed in a spirited dash alongside the rail. As the race continued, Eric found the mate gaining on him, and finally decided on a bit of strategy. On coming to the bow he seized a rope that was fastened to the windlass and from thence to the dock, and began to slide its length. Like a feather on a breath of wind he hurried downward, his feet touching the dock just as the rope gave and splashed back in the water.

The sudden release sent Eric sprawling on all fours, but he was little hurt and looking up was just (Continued on page 15)



"The sudden release sent Eric sprawling on all fours."

For a long time he stayed there, lying prone on his stomach, and watching the little lights twinkling in the houses and stores of the village and any movements along the docks. He was especially anxious to see his old boat, the one from which he had so recently escaped pull up her anchor and slip away out of the harbor. She was due to go that night, and Eric wondered whether his escape would make a difference. It didn't.

From where the boy lay he could see the vessel pull out from the docks and steam away. And when she disappeared in the darkness the lad gave a great shout of joy. What mattered the fact that he was without money and suffering from the cruel pangs of hunger. He was free, and the realization filled him with a new sort of happiness which he would have found it hard to explain.

CHAPTER XIV. — ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE

When his old ship had disappeared in the distance, Eric walked slowly down from the hill and on through the main street of the city. He stepped along lightly, whistling as he went, and passers-by stood and watched him, satisfied that here was a lad without a care in the world. And so Eric felt. It seemed as if a great burden had been suddenly lifted from off his shoulders. There was a new joy in living, and it mattered

one of her deck-hands or stokers. As if reading the lad's thoughts, a sailor, who had been leaning over the rail, called to the boy and walked quickly down the gangplank.

A Friend in Need

"I saw you watching the ship and thought, perhaps, you might be wanting a job aboard her," the sailor said as he approached. "I don't think you'll have any trouble, and it might be well to see the mate around nine o'clock."

"Sounds fine," Eric exclaimed. "I was looking around for a berth, and this would suit me to a 'tee.' Do you suppose there's a chance of my getting something to eat before I see the captain?"

"It's against the rules to bring an outsider in, but I don't think there's much of a chance of you being caught in the fore-castle. They're serving breakfast now and the boys will be glad to give you some of the porridge and bread. But look out for the mate. He's dead against having anyone come aboard and would make it hot for you if caught."

"I'll take a chance," Eric put in, too hungry to think of possible consequences. "I can't go without something to eat long, and would welcome some steaming coffee and bread."

"Come along, then," urged the other, "but watch your step. You can't be too careful where the mate's concerned."

The sailor led Eric along the dock

HELP US FIND

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address Colonel H. Otway, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, marking "Enquiry" on the Envelope. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

NOTICE

IF GEORGE SAMUEL CARTER is still alive, his daughter would like to get in touch with him. He was a steward on the Elder-Dempster boats, 1909-11, after which he was a night watchman at a hotel. There was a rumor that he joined the "Empress of Ireland," either as a third-class passenger or a steward in the third-class department. This vessel was lost in the St. Lawrence. Nothing has been heard from Carter in the years since.

Anyone having news of him will please communicate with the Dominion Secretary of the Navy League, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

—Foreign papers please copy.

SHIPTON, Dolly—Late of Birmingham, England, age 25, height 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair, blue eyes, scar on right arm. Engaged as a steel pen raiser. Mother anxious for news. 15660
KILLETT, William Charles ("Mighty Slim")—Age 68, by profession a School-master, later a cattle rancher, but now believed to be a general pedlar. Single, blind in left eye, native of Aberdeen, near Colchester, England. In 1885 he left England for Canada; thought to be in Toronto or district. Good news. 15661
Fifty dollars (\$50.00) reward for the person first supplying such information as will afford satisfying proof whether dead or alive. 15663

CUMMINGS, Mona or Maie—Age 61, height 5 ft., black hair, grey or blue eyes, robust complexion; Irish by birth. Has been missing since February, 1913; was a domestic. Any news will be appreciated. 15664
KILLETT, Peter Michael—Age 45, height 5 ft. 5 in., heavy build, dark brown hair, blue eyes; has been missing four years from Chatham, Ontario. Talked of going on a farm in Canada. 15536

DAVIDSON, Albert J.—Has been missing since September, 1923. Was supposed to have settled near the Canadian border, age 27, height 5 ft. 3 in., dark brown hair, brown eyes, tan complexion. A native of Aberdeen, Scotland. 15537
MOON, Irene Mable (nee Irene Hancock; alias Jones or Horn)—Age 27, height 5 ft. 2 in., dark straight hair, brown eyes, dark complexion, native of England. Has been missing since August, 1923; lived in Montreal. 15541

WILSON, Mrs. James—Information wanted of the above woman, 41 years of age, height 5 ft., 15, brown eyes, very dark, belongs to Inverness, Scotland. 15549

BREKKEK, Adolf Leif—Single, born in Orkide, Norway, age 22, medium height, brown hair and eyes, missing since May, 1924. Wears glasses. May be in vicinity of Montreal. Parents anxious for news. 15548

BERSON, Robert—Left Broughty Ferry, Dundee, for Montreal in February, 1924. Thirty-one years of age, height 6 ft., fair complexion, fair hair, light blue eyes, worked for engineering, betting firm. 15521

MOFFETT, Joseph Michael—Scottish-Irish, age 38, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, brown eyes, missing since July 4th, 1922. Age 38, fair hair, blue eyes, height 5 ft. 8 in. Widowed mother. English, anxious for news. "Eddie," please write. 15575

SMITH, Herbert (Eddy)—Last address, 225 Frederica St., Fort William, Ont. Emigrated to Canada from Nottingham, England, on C.P.R. steamer "Albatross," July 6th, 1922; age 19, fair hair, blue eyes, height 5 ft. 8 in. Widowed mother. English, anxious for news. "Eddie," please write. 15575

OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers, and friends of the Salvation Army intending to go to Europe, will find it distinctly to their advantage to book passage with the Salvation Army Immigration Department. Bookings from the British Isles can also be arranged. Address your communication to:—

The Resident Secretary,
441 University St., Montreal
BRIGADIER J. F. SOUTHALE,
215 Albert St., Toronto
COMMANDANT L. SMITH,
388 Ontario St., London
ADJUTANT LINDA,
163 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S.

COMING EVENTS

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. SOWTON

Danforth—Sun., Sept. 27th, at 11 a.m.
Earlecourt—Sun., Sept. 27th, at 3 p.m.
Lisgar Street—Sun., Sept. 27th, at 7 p.m.
Saint John, N.B.—Thurs. to Sun., Oct. 1st to 4th.
Tillsonburg—Sat., Oct. 10th.
Ingersoll—Sun., Oct. 11th.
Mrs. Sowton not present.
Colonel Adby will accompany.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY and MRS. POWLEY

Training Garrison—Sun., Sept. 27th (Spiritual Day).
Peterborough—Sun., Oct. 4th.
COLONEL MILLER: Toronto Temple, Sun., Sept. 27th.
COLONEL AND MRS. SCOTT: Montreal 1, Sun.-Mon., Sept. 27-28th.
LIEUT.-COLONEL HARGRAVE: St. Catharines, Sun.-Sun., Sept. 26-27th; Guelph, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 3-4th; Hamilton 1, Sun.-Mon., Oct. 11-12th.
LIEUT.-COLONEL McAMMOND: St. Mary's, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 26-27th; Forest, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 3-4th; Tillsonburg, Sat., Oct. 10th; Ingersoll, Sun., Oct. 11th; London 1, Thurs., Oct. 15th; St. Thomas, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 24-25th.

ERIC, THE VIKING BOY

(Continued from page 14)

prised to see the mate standing close to the rail with a knife in his hand. He had cut the rope and the tangled end splashed back into the water between ship and dock. Eric expected the mate to run down the gangplank, then, and continue the chase. But the man was not of that kind. He liked to see courage, in boy or man, and while he shook his fist as Eric moved away there was a smile on his lips which the lad didn't overlook. He was forgiven.

On continuing along the docks, Eric came at last to another ship—the "Pheca." It was not quite as large as the German boat nor as trim. But there was a businesslike air that attracted immediate attention and led Eric to decide that he'd see the captain and attempt to land a job.

When admitted to the captain's cabin Eric was met by a kindly faced sailor man whose voice was low and carried a pleasing accent that reminded the boy of his own father. Both also had, he thought, the same square chin and long nose, and the same twinkling blue eyes that softened the whole expression and led one to think that here was a man who tempered justice with mercy.

The captain asked Eric to take a seat, and then listened closely while he told of his experience as a cook, stoker and deck hand.

"Now," said Eric finally, "I'm willing to take anything within reason. I want to make good and think I could under you."

"Well, now, that sounds reasonable," the captain said. "I have a place for a young fellow and think that you'll do. Come along with me to the Consul's office and we'll get your clearance paper signed."

"Do we have to do that?" Eric asked. "Couldn't you take me on without seeing the Consul?"

"No. Why?"

"I'm afraid he won't sign the papers. You know how he treated me when I first came to Montreal."

Call the Consul's bluff
"Never mind that now," the captain assured him. "He'll sign your papers or I'll know the reason why. A half-hour later the captain and boy stepped into the Consul's office, which Eric had so suddenly quitted after an unjust trial a month before.

(To be continued)

MRS. LIEUT.-COLONEL MORRIS: St. Thomas, Sun., Sept. 27th.
LIEUT.-COLONEL MOORE: Danforth, Sun., Sept. 27th; Greenwood, Wed., Sept. 30th.
MAJOR BRISTOW: Dresden, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 26-27th; Wallaceburg, Mon., Sept. 28th.
MAJOR BURTON: St. John III., Sun., Sept. 27th.
MAJOR AND MRS. KENDALL: Sault Ste. Marie II., Sept. 29th to Oct. 7th.
MAJOR KNIGHT: Bracebridge, Sat.-Mon., Sept. 26-28th; Timmins, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 3-4th; North Bay, Mon., Oct. 5th.
MAJOR LEWIS: North Toronto, Sun., Sept. 27th.
MAJOR MACDONALD: Halifax I., Sun., Sept. 27th; Halifax II., Mon., Sept. 28th.
MAJOR RITCHIE: Florence, Sun., Sept. 26th; Whitney Pier, Thurs., Sept. 29th; New Waterford, Sun., Sept. 27th; Sydney, Mon., Sept. 28th.
MAJOR THOMPSON: Kitchener, Oct. 3-4th.
STAFF-CAPTAIN CAMERON: Todmorden, Sun., Sept. 27th; Greenwood, Wed., Sept. 30th.
STAFF-CAPTAIN OWEN: Montreal I., Sat.-Mon., Sept. 26-28th.
STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHARDS: Truro, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 26-27th.
STAFF-CAPTAIN RITCHIE: Simcoe, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 26-27th; Collingwood, Fri., Oct. 2nd; Barrie, Sat., Oct. 3rd; Orillia, Sun., Oct. 4th; Midland, Mon., Oct. 5th; Hamilton I., Sun.-Mon., Sept. 11-12th.
STAFF-CAPTAIN SPARKS: Carleton Place, Sun., Sept. 27th.

CONGRESS

THE TRADE DEPARTMENT is making great arrangements to give

CONGRESS VISITORS SERVICE

There will be some Special Congress Bargains, also some Special Congress Lines of Goods. Therefore, when in Toronto, don't overlook your visit to the Trade Department.

A New Book LIKENESS TO GOD

By Mrs. Bramwell Booth

This book is a reprint of papers published in the War Cry during 1914-1919. The title of the book suggests its helpful character, and every Salvationist should read it.

Price 80c. Post paid 90c.

HARVEST MUSIC

We have just received a supply of Harvest Sheets for Bands. This sheet contains 21 beautiful Hymn Tunes suitable for Harvest Festival, and many of them suitable for all occasions.

Price 20c. each

If ordered in quantities of 12 or more 20% discount. Post extra, according to quantities.

We have for sale 29 International Strains Band Books. These books are second-hand, and the instrumentation is a serviceable one. This is a chance to secure these books at a real bargain price for any band requiring a set of this useful music. Write us for particulars.

LADIES' WINTER HATS

This year we hope to stock a more comfortable and attractive hat than ever.

The price also will be as attractive as ever.

Velour \$5.75, Felt \$4.50

These will be for sale during Congress.

NOTE—The Trade Store will be closed for Stock-taking Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.

OLD ARTILLERY COLONEL

(Continued from page 3)

happy in the Lord myself, but I have come to pray for my prodigal boy.

The midnight sun was shining through the windows in the Little Army Hall in Vadsø. An old man, bound by rheumatism—supporting himself by two sticks—had dragged himself forward, and was now kneeling at the penitent-form. By his side I saw a young girl, hardly more than twelve or thirteen years of age, weeping and praying.
Oh, keep the Penitent-Form in honor!

HISTORY OF CANADA

(Continued from page 11)

Private citizens have also loaned their treasures for safe keeping and from a national pride. On this list is the atlas of Columbus and a pocket portrait of Jacques Cartier.

There is a large library containing numerous rare books that have appeared upon Canadian subjects and also a large number of interesting pamphlets. This section has some of the Army bills that were issued for the financing of the War of 1812-15, and which was the first successful attempt to circulate paper money in Canada.

The map room of the Archives is located in the upper portion of the building. It is well illuminated and vast cabinets allow for the safe storage of the valuable maps and maps access to them. Amongst the maps is one drawn by Samuel de Champlain in 1632.

The Archives keep their material up to date. A vast amount of tangible history from the recent war is on view. In nearly every case it has some connection with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces and copies of all the war posters used for recruiting and economic purposes, are kept for future generations to see. The original drawings of the famous British humorous publications are also on file if they have anything to do with Canada.

Relics from other wars are there too. There are many reminders of the valiant Wolfe, including his chair, some of his military equipment, and a miniature painting, which is probably the finest portrait of him in existence.

THE 43rd ANNUAL TERRITORIAL CONGRESS

IN

TORONTO

October 16th to 22nd, 1925

WILL BE CONDUCTED BY

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

COMMISSIONER MAPP

WILL
ACCOMPANY

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. SOWTON

COLONEL AND MRS. POWLEY

and the Territorial Staff will support.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS

Saturday, October 17th - 7.30 p.m.
Soldiers and Recruits only. MASSEY HALL

PUBLIC EVENTS

Sunday, October 18th

PUBLIC GATHERINGS IN MASSEY HALL
10.30 a.m. - Holiness Meeting
3.00 p.m. Lecture—"The Salvation Army and problems of to-day."
6.30 p.m. - Salvation Meeting
7.00 p.m. - Overflow Meeting

PANTAGES THEATRE

Monday, October 19th

3 p.m. Home League Gathering. TEMPLE
7.30 p.m. Combined Musical Festival and Y.P.
Demonstration at which Mrs. Booth will speak.
MASSEY HALL

OFFICERS' COUNCILS

Friday, October 16th - 7 p.m.

Officers' Council conducted by
Commissioner Charles Sowton. TEMPLE.

Tuesday, October 20th

Officers' Councils. - - - ELM STREET
(Hygeia House)

Wednesday, October 21st

Officers' Councils. - - - ELM STREET
(Hygeia House)